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THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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Three Poems by Patrick Kavanagh :

THE BEECH TREE

I planted in February
A bronze-leaved beech,
In the chill brown soil
I spread out its silken fibres.

Protected it from the goats
With wire netting,
And fixed it firm against
The worrying wind.

Now it is safe, I said,
April must stir
My precious baby
To greenfull loveliness.

It is August now, I have hoped,
But I hope no more.
My beech tree will never hide sparrows
From hungry hawks.

THE GOAT OF SLIEVE DONARD

I saw an old white goat on the side of Slieve Donard
 Nibbling daintily at the herb leaves which grow in the crevases.
 And I thought of James Stephens.
 He wrote of an old white goat within my remembering.
 Seven years ago I read.
 Now it comes back
 Full of the dreaming black beautiful crags.
 I shall drink of the white goat's milk.
 The old white goat of Slieve Donard
 Slieve Donard where the herbs of Wisdom grow,
 The herbs of the Secret of Life that the old white goat has nibbled.
 And I shall live longer than Methuselah
 Brother to no man.

TO A CHILD

Child do not go
 Into the dark places of Soul,
 For there the grey wolves whine,
 The lean grey wolves

I have been down
 Among the unholy ones who tear
 Beauty's white robe, and clothe her
 In rags of prayer.

Child there is light somewhere
 Under a star.
 Sometime it will be for you
 A window that looks
 Inward to God.

JUNE REVERIE

By Geoffrey Johnson.

Cynewulf, Old English bard,
 Dreamed of a Paradise enstarred,
 Dreamed of a strangely jewelled Rood
 Shining through the vastitude.

East and west, and south and north,
 Its arms like rivers sparkled forth,
 The living emerald squares between
 Lulled every storm and sin terrene.

Through its lights of coloured glass
 Snow and thunder could not pass ;
 Round it, like a dragon curled,
 Slept the anguish of the world. . . .

Cynewulf, a thousand Junes
 Have burned and blossomed since your runes——
 At times we know the way you went
 Into your Land of Wonderment :

It is to sit and drink for hours
 A garden's rain of gleams and flowers,
 Until behind the closing eyes
 Shines the Rood of Paradise.

SONNET WITH THE SHAKESPEAREAN RHYME SCHEME AND THE ITALIAN MOVEMENT

By R. L. Megroz.

Tonight I need your thoughts, movements of love
Between the heart and brain, mere whisperings
Of music, over water. My thoughts prove
No soul in the silence over which wind rings
A thousand tempestuous bells that cannot drown
The soundless clamour of an empty heaven.
No solitary influence pours down
Where you, my Star, should this dull sky have riven.
Is it the cloud of loneliness or the storm
Rampaging in the forest of my mind,
That on the screen of space I cannot form
Your image now, or between the clangs of the wind
Hear the continuous murmuring music of
Your thoughts I need tonight vibrating love ?

ALBA

By Samuel Beckett.

Before morning you shall be here
and Dante and the Logos and all strata and mysteries
and the branded moon
beyond the white plane of music
that you shall establish here before morning
grave suave singing silk,
stoop to the black firmament of areca,
rain on the bamboos, flower of smoke, alley of willows
who though you stoop like fingers of compassion
to sign the dust
cannot add to your bounty,
whose beauty shall be a sheet before me,
a statement of itself drawn across the tempest of emblems,
so that there is no sun and no unveiling
and no host,
only I and then the sheet
and bulk dead

THE WORDS UPON THE WINDOW PANE

A COMMENTARY.

By W. B. Yeats.

I.

SOMEbody said the other night that Dublin was full of clubs that met in cellars and garrets, he himself knew four, and had for their object our general improvement. He was scornful, said that they had all begun by drawing up a programme and passing a resolution against the censorship and would never do anything else. When I began my public life Dublin was full of such clubs that passed resolutions and drew up programmes and though the majority stopped there some did much to find an audience for a school of writers. The fall of Parnell had freed imagination from practical politics, from agrarian grievance and political enmity and turned it to imaginative nationalism, to Gaelic, to the ancient stories, and at last to lyrical poetry and to drama. Political failure and political success have had the same result except that to-day imagination is turning full of uncertainty to something it thinks European, and whether that something will be "arty" and provincial, or a form of life, is as yet undiscoverable. Hitherto we have walked the road, but now we have shut the door and turned up the lamp. What shall occupy our imagination? We must, I think, decide among these three ideas of national life; that of Swift; that of a great Italian of his day; that of modern England. If the Garrets and the Cellars listen I may throw light upon the matter, and I hope if all the time I seem thinking of something else I should be forgiven. I must speak of things that come out of the common consciousness where every thought is like a bell with many echoes.

II.

My little play "The Words Upon The Window Pane" came to me amidst considerations such as these, as a reward, as a moment of excitement. John O'Leary read, during an illness, the poems of Thomas Davis and though he never thought them

good poetry they shaped his future life, gave him the moral simplicity that made him so attractive to young men in his old age, but we can no longer permit life to be shaped by a personified ideal, we must serve with all our faculties some actual thing. The old service was moral, at times lyrical; we discussed perpetually the character of public men and never asked were they able and well-informed, but what would they sacrifice? How many times did I hear on the lips of J. F. Taylor these words: "Holy, delicate white hands"? His patriotism was a religion, never a philosophy. More extreme in such things than Taylor and O'Leary who often seemed to live in the eighteenth century, to acknowledge its canons alone in literature and in the arts, I turned from Goldsmith and from Burke because they had come to seem a part of the English system, from Swift because, I acknowledged, being a romantic, no verse between Cowley and Smart's "Song to David," no prose between Sir Thomas Browne and the Dialogues of Landor. But now I read Swift for months together, Burke and Berkeley less often but always with excitement, and Goldsmith lures and waits. I collect materials for my thought and work, for some identification of my beliefs with the nation itself, I seek an image of the modern mind's discovery of itself, of its own permanent form, in that one Irish century that escaped from darkness and confusion. I would that our fifteenth, sixteenth or even our seventeenth century had been the clear mirror, but fate decided against us.

III.

Swift haunts me; he is always just round the next corner. Sometimes it is a thought of my great-great-grandmother, a friend of that Archbishop King who sent him to England about the "First Fruits," sometimes it is St. Patrick's where I have gone to wander and meditate, that brings him to mind, sometimes I remember something hard or harsh in O'Leary or in Taylor, or in the public speech of our statesmen, that reminds me by its style of his verse or prose. Did he not speak, perhaps, with just such an intonation? This instinct for what is near and yet hidden is in reality a return to the sources of our power, and therefore a claim made upon the future. Thought seems more true, emotion more deep spoken by someone who touches my

pride, who seems to claim me of his kindred, who seems to make me a part of some national mythology, nor is mythology mere ostentation, mere vanity if it draws me onward to the unknown, another turn of the gyre and myth is wisdom, pride, discipline. I remember the shudder in my spine when Mrs. Patrick Campbell said, speaking words Hoffmanstahl put into the mouth of Electra "I too am of that ancient race"

"Jonathan Swift's at rest :
Savage indignation there
Cannot lacerate his breast.
Imitate him if you dare
World besotted traveller ; he
Served human liberty."

IV.

"In Swift's day men of intellect reached the height of their power, the greatest position they had reached in society and the state His ideal order was the Roman Senate, his ideal men Brutus and Cato, such an order and such men seemed possible once more." The Cambridge undergraduate into whose mouth I have put these words may have read similar words in Oliver "The last brilliant addition to English historians," for young men such as he read the newest authorities ; probably Oliver and he thought of the influence at Court and in public life of Swift and of Leibnitz, of the spread of science and of scholarship over Europe, its examination of documents, its destruction of fables, a science and a scholarship modern for the first time, of certain great minds that were medieval in their scope but modern in their freedom. I must, however, add certain thoughts of my own that affected me as I wrote. I thought about a passage in the "Grammont Memoirs" where some great man is commended for his noble manner, as we commend a woman for her beauty or her charm ; a famous passage in the "Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs" commending the old Whig aristocracy for their intellect and power and because their doors stood open to like-minded men ; the palace of Blenheim, its pride of domination that expected a thousand years, something Asiatic in its carved intricacy of stone.

"Everything great in Ireland, in our character, in what remains of our architecture, comes from that day we have kept its seal longer than England." The overstatement of an enthusiastic Cambridge student, and yet with its measure of truth. The battle of the Boyne overwhelmed a civilisation full of religion and myth, and brought in its place intelligible laws planned out upon a great blackboard, a capacity for horizontal lines, for rigid shapes, attitudes of mind, buildings, that could be multiplied like an expanding bookcase, the modern world, and something that appeared and perished in its dawn, an instinct for Roman rhetoric, Roman elegance. It established a Protestant aristocracy some of whom neither called themselves English¹ nor looked with contempt nor dread upon conquered Ireland. Indeed the battle was scarcely over when Molyneux, speaking in their name, affirmed the sovereignty of the Irish Parliament.² No one had the right to make our laws but the King, Lords and Commons of Ireland; the battle had been fought to change not an English but an Irish Crown; and our parliament was almost as ancient as that of England. It was this doctrine³ that Swift uttered in the fourth "Drapier Letter" with such astringent eloquence that it passed from the talk of study and parlour to that of road and market, and created the political nationality of Ireland. Swift found his nationality through the "Drapier Letters," his convictions came from action and passion, but Berkeley, a much younger man, could find it through contemplation. He and his fellow students but knew the war through the talk of the older men. As a boy

¹ Nor were they English, the newest arrivals soon intermarried with an older stock, and that older stock had intermarried again and again with Gaelic Ireland. All my childhood the Coopers of Markree, County Sligo, represented such rank and fashion as the County knew, and I had it from my friend the late Bryan Cooper that his supposed Cromwellian ancestor being childless adopted an O'Brien; while local tradition thinks that an O'Brien, promised the return of her confiscated estate if she married a Cromwellian soldier, married a Cooper and murdered him three days after. Not, however, before he had founded a family. The family of Yeats, never more than small gentry, arrived, if I can trust the only man among us who may have seen the family tree before it was burnt by Canadian Indians, "about the time of Henry VII." Ireland, divided in religion and politics, though the last division began to disappear ten years ago, is as much one race as any modern country.

² "Until 1691 Roman Catholics were admitted by law into both Houses of Legislature in Ireland" (MacNeill's Constitutional and Parliamentary History of Ireland: page 10).

³ A few weeks ago the hierarchy of the Irish Church addressed, without any mandate from Protestant Ireland, not the Irish people as they had every right to even in the defence of folly, but the Imperial Conference and begged that the Irish Courts might remain subservient to the Privy Council. Terrified into intrigue where none threatened they turned from Swift and Molyneux. I remind them that when the barons of the Irish Court of Exchequer obeyed the English Privy Council in 1719 our ancestors clapped them into gaol.

of 18 or 19 he called the Irish people "natives" as though he were in some foreign land, but two or three years later, perhaps while still an undergraduate defined the English materialism of his day in three profound sentences, and wrote after each that "we Irishmen" think otherwise "I publish . . . to know whether other men have the same ideas as we Irishmen" and before he was 25 had fought the Salamis of the Irish intellect. The Irish landed aristocracy who knew more of the siege of Derry and the battle of the Boyne delineated on vast tapestries for their House of Lords by Dublin Huguenots, found themselves masters of a country demoralised by generations of war and famine and shared in its demoralisation. In 1730 Swift said from the pulpit that their houses were in ruins and no new building anywhere, that the houses of their rack-ridden tenants were no better than English pig-styes, that the bulk of the people trod barefoot and in rags. He exaggerated, for already the Speaker, Connolly, had built that great house at Celbridge where slate, stone and furniture were Irish, even the silver from Irish mines, the new Parliament House had perhaps been planned; and there was a general stir of life. The old age of Berkeley passed amid art and music, and men had begun to boast that in these no country had made such progress; and some dozen years after Berkeley's death Arthur Young found everywhere in stately Georgian houses scientific agriculturalists, benefactors of their countryside, though for the half-educated, drunken, fire-eating impoverished lesser men he had nothing but detestation. Goldsmith might have found likeable qualities, a capacity for mimicry perhaps, among these lesser men, and Sir Jonah Barrington made them his theme, but detestable or not, they were out of fashion. Miss Edgeworth described her "Castle Rackrent" upon the title page of its first edition as the habits of the Irish squirearchy before 1782. A few years more and the countrypeople would have forgotten that the Irish aristocracy was founded like all aristocracies upon conquest, or rather, would have remembered, and boasted in the words of a medieval Gaelic poet "We are a sword people and we go with the sword." Unhappily the lesson first taught by Molyneux and Swift had been but half learnt when the test came—country gentlemen are poor politicians—and Ireland's "dark, insipid period" began. During the entire eighteenth century the greatest land-owning family of the neighbourhood I best knew in childhood sent not a single

man into the English army and navy, but during the nineteenth century one or more in every generation; a new absenteeism, foreseen by Miss Edgeworth, began; those that lived upon their estates bought no more fine editions of the classics; separated from public life and ambition they sank, as I have heard Lecky complain, "into grass farmers." Yet their genius did not die out; they sent everywhere administrators and military leaders, and now that their ruin has come—what resolute nation permits a strong alien class within its borders?—I would, remembering obscure ancestors that preached in their churches or fought beside their younger sons over half the world, and despite a famous passage of O'Grady's, gladly sing their song.

VI.

"He foresaw the ruin to come, democracy, Rousseau, the French Revolution, that is why he hated the common run of men,—'I hate lawyers, I hate doctors' he said 'though I love Dr. So-and-so and Judge So-and-so,'—that is why he wrote 'Gulliver,' that is why he wore out his brain, that is why he felt 'saeva indignatio,' that is why he sleeps under the greatest epitaph in history." The "Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions of Athens and Rome" published in 1703 to warn the Tory government of the day against the impeachment of ministers, is Swift's one philosophical work. All states depend for their health upon a right balance between the One, the Few and the Many. The One is the executive, which may in fact be more than one—the Roman republic had two Consuls—but must for the sake of rapid decision be as few as possible; the Few are those who through the possession of hereditary wealth, or great personal gifts, have come to identify their lives with the life of the state, whereas the lives and ambitions of the Many are private. The Many do their day's work well and so far from copying even the wisest of their neighbours affect "a singularity" in action and in thought, but set them to the work of the state and every man's Jack is "listed to a party" becomes the fanatical follower of men of whose characters he knows next to nothing, and from that day on puts nothing into his mouth that some other man has not already chewed and digested. And furthermore, from the moment of enlistment thinks himself above other men and struggles for power

until all is in confusion. I divine an Irish hatred of abstraction likewise expressed by that fable of Gulliver among the inventors and men of science, by Berkeley in his *Commonplace book*, by Goldsmith in the satire of "The Good Natured Man," in the picturesque, minute observation of "The Deserted Village," and by Burke in his attack upon mathematical democracy. Swift enforced his moral by proving that Rome and Greece were destroyed by the war of the Many upon the Few ; in Rome, where the Few had kept their class organisation, it was a war of classes, in Greece, where they had not, war upon character and genius. Miltiades, Aristides, Themistocles, Pericles, Alcibiades, Phocæan, "impeached for high crimes and misdemeanours . . . were honoured and lamented by their country as the preservers of it and have had the veneration of all ages since paid justly to their memories." In Rome parties so developed that men born and bred among the Few were compelled to join one party or the other and to flatter and bribe. All civilisations must end in some such way, for the Many obsessed by emotion create a multitude of religious sects but give themselves at last to some one master of bribes and flatteries and sink into the ignoble tranquility of servitude. He defines a tyranny as the predominance of the One, the Few, or the Many, but thinks that of the Many the immediate threat. All states at their outset possess a ruling power seated in the whole body as that of the soul in the human body, a perfect balance of the three estates, the king some sort of chief magistrate, and then comes "a tyranny : first either of the Few or the Many ; but at last infallibly of a single person." He thinks the English balance most perfect in the time of Queen Elizabeth but that in the next age a tyranny of the Many produced that of Cromwell, and that, though recovery followed, "all forms of government must be mortal like their authors," and he quotes from Polybius "those abuses and corruptions ; which in time destroy a government, are sown along with the very seed of it" and destroy it "as rust eats iron or worms wood." Whether the final tyranny is created by the Many—in his eyes all Caesars were tyrants—or imposed by foreign power the result is the same. At the fall of liberty came "a dark insipid period through all Greece"—had he Ireland in his mind also—and the people became in the words of Polybius "great reverencers of crowned heads."

Twenty-two years later Giambetta Vico published that *Scienza Nuova* which Mr. James Joyce is expounding or symbolising in the strange fragments of his "Work in Transition." He was the opposite of Swift in everything, an humble, peaceful man, son of a Neapolitan bookseller and without political opinions; he wrote panegyrics upon men of rank, seemed to admire all that they did, took their gratuities and yet kept his dignity. He thought civilisation passed through the phases Swift has described, but that it was harsh and terrible until the Many prevailed, and its joints cracked and loosened, happiest when some one man surrounded by able subordinates dismissed the Many to their private business, that its happiness lasted some generations until, sense of the common welfare lost, it grew malicious and treacherous, fell into "the barbarism of reflection" and after that into an honest, plain barbarism accepted with relief by all and started upon its round again. Rome had conquered surrounding nations because those nations were nearer than it to humanity and happiness; was not Carthage already almost a democratic state when destruction came? Swift seemed to shape his narrative upon some clairvoyant vision of his own life, for he saw civilisation pass from comparative happiness and youthful vigour to an old age of violence and self-contempt, whereas Vico saw it begin in penury like himself and end as he himself would end in a long inactive peace. But there was a greater difference, Swift a practical politician in everything he wrote ascribed its rise and fall to virtues and vices all could understand, whereas the philosophical Vico ascribed them to "the rhythm of the elemental forms of the mind," a new idea that would dominate philosophy. Outside Anglo-Saxon nations where progress, impelled by moral enthusiasm and the Patent Office, seems a perpetual straight line, this "circular movement" as Swift's master, Polybius, called it has long been the friend and enemy of public order. Both Sorrel and Marx, their eyes more Swift's than Vico's, have preached a return to a primeval state, a beating of all down into a single class that a new civilisation may arise with its Few, its Many, and its One. Students of contemporary Italy, where Vico's thought is current through its influence upon Croce and Gentile, think it created, or in part created the present government of one man surrounded by just such able assistants as Vico foresaw. Some philosopher has added this further thought; the classes

rise out of the matrix, create all mental and bodily riches, sink back, as Vico saw civilisation rise and sink, and government is there to keep the ring and see to it that combat never ends. These thoughts in the next few generations, as elaborated by Oswald Spengler, who has followed Vico without essential change, by Flinders Petrie, by the German traveller Frobenius, by Henry Adams, and perhaps by my friend Gerald Heard, may affect the masses. They have already deepened our sense of tragedy and somewhat checked the naiver among those creeds and parties who push their way to power by flattering our moral hopes. Pascal thought there was evidence for and against the existence of God, but that if a man kept his mind in suspense about it he could not live a rich and active life, and I suggest to the Cellars and Garrets that though history is too short to change either the idea of progress or the eternal circuit into scientific fact, the eternal circuit may best suit our preoccupation with the soul's salvation, our individualism, our solitude. Beside we love antiquity, and that other idea—progress—the sole religious myth of modern man, is only two hundred years old.

VII.

Swift's pamphlet had little effect in its day ; it did not prevent the impeachment and banishment a few years later of his own friends ; and although he was in all probability the first, if there was another " my small reading cannot trace it," to describe in terms of modern politics the discord of parties that compelled revolutionary France, as it has compelled half a dozen nations since the war, to accept the " tyranny " of a " single person," it was soon forgotten ; but for the understanding of Swift it is essential. It shows that the defence of liberty boasted upon his tombstone did not come from political disappointment ; when he wrote it he had suffered none ; and what he meant by liberty. Gulliver, in those travels written twenty years later, calls up from the dead " a sexumvirate to which all the ages of the world cannot add a seventh " ; Epaminondas and Socrates, who suffered at the hands of the Many ; Brutus, Junius Brutus, Cato the Younger, Thomas More, who fought the tyranny of the One ; Brutus with Caesar still his inseparable friend, for a man may be a tyrant without personal guilt.

Liberty depended upon a balance within the state, like that of

the "humours" in a human body, or like that "unity of being" Dante compared to a perfectly proportioned human body, and for its sake Swift was prepared to sacrifice what seems to the modern man liberty itself: The odds were a hundred to one, he wrote, that "violent zeal for the truth" came out of "petulancy, ambition, or pride." He himself might prefer a republic to a monarchy, but did he open his mouth upon the subject would be deservedly hanged. Had he religious doubts he was not to blame, for God had given him reason, so long as he kept them to himself. It was the attitude of many a modern Catholic who thinks, though upon different ground, that our civilisation may sink into a decadence like that of Rome. But sometimes belief itself must be hidden. He was devout; had the Communion Service by heart; read the Fathers and prayed much, yet would not press the mysteries of his faith upon any unwilling man. Had not the early Christians kept silent about the divinity of Christ; should not the missionaries to China "soften" it? He preached as law commanded; a man could save his soul doubtless in any religion which taught submission to the Will of God, but only one state could protect his body; and how could it protect his body if rent apart by those cranks and sectaries mocked in his "Tale of a Tub?" Had not French Huguenots and English Dissenters alike sinned against the state? Except at those moments of great public disturbance, when a man must choose his creed or his king, let him think his own thoughts in silence.

What was this liberty bought with so much silence, and served through all his life with so much eloquence? "I think" he wrote in the Discourse "that the saying *vox populi, vox dei* ought to be understood of the universal bent and current of a people, not of the bare majority of a few representatives, which is often procured by little arts and great industry and application wherein those who engage in the pursuit of malice and revenge are much more sedulous than those who would prevent them." That *vox populi* or "bent and current," or what we even more vaguely call national spirit, was the sole theme of his Drapier Letters; its right to express itself as it would through such men as had won or inherited general consent. I doubt if a mind so contemptuous of average men, thought as Vico did, that it found expression also through all individual lives or asked more for those lives than protection from the most obvious evils. I

remember J. F. Taylor, a great student of Swift, saying "individual liberty is of no importance, what matters is national liberty."

VIII.

The will of the State, whether it build a cage for a dead bird or remain in the bird itself, must always, whether interpreted by Burke or Marx, find expression through some governing class or company identified with that "bent and current," with those "elemental forms" whether by interest or training. The men of Swift's day would have added that class or company must be placed by wealth above fear and toil, though Swift thought that every properly conducted State must limit the amount of that wealth the individual could possess. But the old saying that there is no wisdom without leisure has somewhat lost its truth. When the physical world became rigid; when curiosity inherited from the Renaissance, and the soul's anxiety inherited from the Middle Ages, passed man ceased to think; his work thought in him. Spinoza, Leibnitz, Swift, Berkeley, Goethe, the last typical figure of the epoch, recognised no compulsion but the "bent and current" of their lives; the Speaker, Connolly, could still call out a posse of gentlemen to design the façade of his house, and though Berkeley thought their number too great, that work is still admired; Swift called himself a poor scholar in comparison to Lord Treasurer Harley. Unity of being was still possible though somewhat over rationalised and abstract, more diagram than body; whereas the best modern philosophers are professors, their pupils compile notebooks that they may be professors some day; politicians stick to their last or leave it to plague us with platitudes; we poets and artists may be called, so small our share in life, "separated spirits," words applied by the old philosophers to the dead. When Swift sank into imbecility or madness his epoch had finished in the British Isles, those "elemental forms" had passed beyond him; more than the "Great Ministers" had gone. I can see in a sort of nightmare vision the "primary qualities" torn from the side of Locke, Johnson's ponderous body bent above the letter to Lord Chesterfield, some obscure person somewhere inventing the spinning-jenny, upon his face that look

of benevolence kept by painters and engravers for such as he from the middle of the eighteenth century to the time of the Prince Consort, or, to simplify the tale—

Locke sank into a swoon
The Garden died
God took the spinning-jenny
Out of his side.

IX.

“ That arrogant intellect free from superstition at last ” : the young man’s overstatement full of the unexamined suppositions of common speech. I saw Asia in the carved stones of Blenheim, not in the pride of great abstract masses, but in that humility of flower-like intricacy—the particular blades of the grass;—nor can chance have thrown into contiguous generations Spinoza and Swift, an absorption of the whole intellect in God, a fakir-like contempt for all human desire ; “ take from her ” Swift prayed for Stella in sickness “ all violent desire whether of life or death ” ; the elaboration and spread of Masonic symbolism, its God made in the image of a Christopher Wren ; Berkeley’s declaration, modified later, that physical pleasure is the Summum Bonum, Heaven’s sole reality, his counter-truth to that of Spinoza.

In judging any moment of past time we should leave out what has since happened ; we should not call the Swift of the “ Drapier Letters ” nearer truth because of their influence upon history than the Swift who attacked in “ Gulliver ” the inventors and logicians ; we should see certain men and women as if at the edge of a cliff, time broken away from their feet. Spinoza and the Masons, Berkeley and Swift, speculative and practical intellect, stood there free at last from all prepossessions and touched the extremes of thought ; the Gymnosophists of Strabo close at hand could they but ignore what was harsh and logical in themselves, or the China of the Dutch cabinet-makers, of the “ Citizen of the World ” : the long settled rule of powerful men, no great dogmatic structure, few great crowded streets, scattered unprogressive communities, much handiwork, wisdom wound into the roots of the grass.

X.

"I have something in my blood that no child must inherit." There have been several theories to account for Swift's celibacy; Sir Walter Scott suggested a "physical defect," but that seems incredible. A man so outspoken would have told Vanessa the truth and stopped a tragic persecution, a man so charitable have given Stella the protection of his name. The refusal to see Stella when there was no third person present suggests a man that dreaded temptation; nor is it compatible with those stories still current among our country people of Swift sending his servant out to fetch a woman, and dismissing that servant when he woke to find a black woman at his side. Lecky suggested dread of madness—the theory of my play—of madness already present in constant eccentricity; though with a vagueness born from distaste of the theme, he saw nothing incompatible between Scott's theory and his own. Had Swift dreaded transmitting madness he might well have been driven to consorting with the nameless barren women of the streets. Somebody else suggests syphilis contracted doubtless between 1799 when he was engaged to Varenna and some date soon after Stella's arrival in Ireland. Mr. Shaun Leslie thinks that Swift's relation to Vanessa was not platonic and that whenever his letters speak of a cup of coffee they mean the sexual act; whether the letters seem to bear him out I do not know for that excited blue-stocking bores me; but whether they seem to or not he must, if he is to get a hearing, account for Swift's relation to Stella. It seems certain that Swift loved her though he called it by some other name, and she him, and that it was platonic love.

"Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp was strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.
In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,

In pleasure seek for something new;
 Or else comparing with the rest,
 Take comfort that our own is best;
 The best we value by the worst,
 As tradesmen show their trash at first;
 But his pursuits are at an end,
 Whom Stella chooses for a friend."

If the relation between Swift and Vanessa was not platonic there must have been some bar that affected Stella as well as Swift. Dr. Delaney is said to have believed that Swift married Stella in 1716 and found in some exchange of confidences that they were brother and sister, but Sir William Temple was not in Ireland during the year that preceded Swift's birth and so far as we know Swift's mother was not in England.

There is no satisfactory solution. Swift, though he lived in great publicity, wrote and received many letters, hid two things which constituted perhaps all that he had of private life: his loves and his religious beliefs.

XI.

"Was Swift mad? or was it the intellect itself that was mad?" The other day a scholar in whose imagination Swift has a preeminence scarcely possible outside Ireland said "I sometimes feel that there is a black cloud about to overwhelm me, and then comes a great jet of life; Swift had that black cloud and no jet. He was terrified." I said "Afraid perhaps of everything but death" and reminded him of a story of Dr. Johnson's.¹ There was a reward of £500 for the identification of the author of the "Drapier Letters." Swift's butler who had carried the manuscript to the printer stayed away from work. When he returned Swift said "I know that my life is in your hands, but I will not from cowardice be the slave of any man's insolence or inattention." He dismissed the butler and when the danger had passed he restored him to his post, rewarded him and said to the servants "No more Barclay, henceforth Mr. Barclay." "Yes," said my

¹ Sheridan has a different version but as I have used it merely to illustrate an argument I leave it as Dr. Johnson told it, or as I think he did, for I have no copy of Johnson's essay, and must not delay my proofs.

friend, "He was not afraid of death but of life, of what might happen next, that is what made him so defiant in public and in private and demand for the State the obedience a Connaught priest demands for the Church." I have put a cognate thought into the mind of John Corbet. He imagines, though but for a moment, that the intellect of Swift's age, persuaded that the mechanicians mocked by Gulliver would prevail, that its moment of freedom could not last, so dreaded the historic process that it became in the half mad mind of Swift a dread of parentage: "Am I to add another to the healthy rascaldom and knavery of the world?" Did not Rousseau within two years of the death of Swift publish his "Discourse upon Arts and Sciences" and discover the wisdom instinct not in heroic effort, not in Cato and Brutus, not among impossible animals—I think of that noble horse Blake drew for Hayley—but among savages and thereby beget the sans-culottes of Marat: after the arrogance of power the humility of a servant.

November, 1930.

THE CAREER OF ROGER CASEMENT

By Padraic Colum.

THIS biography of him will give the reader who had only knowledge of his end, a surprising revelation of how varied Roger Casement's life was, how influential and how serviceable. The public may remember that he investigated atrocities on the Congo and the Amazon. But they will have no conception of how such investigations affected the man who made them nor what effect they had on world-politics. Nor will they know what kind of career was behind the investigations in Africa and South America. Denis Gwynne's book¹—not happily entitled, I must say—will surprise this public by revealing how varied and influential Roger Casement's early and middle life was. The biography is good narrative; the material from Casement's reports and diaries is skilfully used, and the background of Irish affairs is well projected. It does not give the impression of crowded action as one might expect in the history of a man who was an explorer and a man of affairs. One does not get the impression in reading it that Roger Casement had relations, colleagues, associates. This treatment may not be wrong; Casement was an intensely lonely man—he had many devoted friends, he was easily influenced, he was easily imposed on—but he always went on some strange way of his own. I notice a few mistakes in fact in the book and a few re-constructions which are merely plausible. They are on pages 194, 233 and 392, and I shall deal with them in the course of this article.

In the life of Roger Casement, with its contrasts, adventures and startling confrontations, there is more dramatic material than in that of any other outstanding man of our time. He went upon Stanley's tracks as a young man, and looked upon African village life with its immemorial quality that it was so soon to lose. As an official at a lonely outpost he absorbed as much of that life as any other white man. Conrad watched him go off "into unspeakable wildernesses swinging a crook-handled stock for all weapons, with two bulldogs . . . at his heels, and a Loanda boy carrying a bundle for all company," and had the satisfaction of seeing him come out of the wilderness a few months later, "a little leaner, a

¹ *Traitor and Patriot: the Life and Death of Roger Casement.* By Denis Gwynne. 444 pages. London: Jonathan Cape.

little browner, with his stick, dogs, and Loanda boy, and quietly serene as though he had been for a stroll in a park." This capacity for unaccompanied action was characteristic of Casement. At enormous personal risks and harried by great interests, we see him in Mr. Gwynne's pages, doing all that one man could do to save black men from torture and extermination. Later on, taking even greater risks, we see him striving to save a less known people from even more dreadful exploitation. Then we see him as one of the leaders in a movement for the liberation of his own country. There is an apparent reversal in his loyalty, and he goes to Germany during the war with the object of obtaining aid for a revolutionary Ireland. He endeavours to stop the revolution. He is put on trial as a traitor and his prosecutor is a man who had preached revolution for a section of Ireland. He is hanged for treason, and he makes his exit with the dignity of a conquistador. Drama is added to this history by the strange complexity of his life and motives, and by his unforgettable personality.

The photographs of him given in the book convey something of the noble and distinguished presence that was his. Tall, dark, bearded, lissom, he had that sort of romantic distinction that we credit the Castillian *hidalgo* with having. Everything about him was courteous and fine. His voice was as memorable as his appearance; his tone was low, but he spoke with a subdued vehemence that was made the more earnest by the intentness of his gaze—an intentness that had no hardness in it. In every sense he was an exalted man. Two encounters with him stay in my mind as having characteristic attitudes of his. One morning he came to where I lived in Donnybrook. I well remember his approach to the house. There was a lilac bush before the door, and blossoms had just begun to come out on it. And there was that tall, worn, impressively handsome man pausing to take note and to speak of this budding. That was in the spring of 1914. The second was on a wind-swept bridge in Dublin. A forlorn woman is offering matches, unaware of the fact that there are no more passers-by. Casement goes over and speaks to this blind old woman, and there is in his attitude, in what he says, true compassion.

That evening I had seen him in Dr. Sigerson's. Someone had asked him where his birthplace was. "Number six Doyle's Cottages, Sandycove," he had replied. I knew that Casement

belonged to an Ulster family that had a place somewhere in the Glens of Antrim, and I had always associated him with that romantic part of Ireland, and I was surprised to hear that he was born just outside of Dublin, and in a place that seemed to be very little in accord with his distinguished appearance. Sandycove used to have a good many residents who were of the seafaring profession, and his father, although an officer with a military rank, must have had some naval connections. From his childhood Casement was brought up in the Glens of Antrim; his first profession was a sea-faring one; he became a purser with the Elder Dempster line. This brought him to Africa, and he quickly fulfilled a dream he had had of becoming an explorer in the territories that had been opened up by Stanley.

I first met him when I was in my early twenties. It was in the Glens of Antrim, at a Gaelic League Festival. The Congo investigation had been made by him, and Casement had become a noted figure. He was hopeful about the language revival movement, was romantic about Irish nationalism, and was constantly invoking the memory of the princely O'Neills, whose territory was in this part of Ulster. I met him at the house of a lady, a landowner in the district, and I had the impression that she and Casement were cousins. It is important to note that these associates of his in Ulster were Protestants and Nationalists—they were the remnant of a Protestant Nationalist society that had a good deal to say for itself before Belfast began to dominate Ulster politics. Casement was not then what was called an "extremist." If I remember rightly, the position he favoured was that which would bring about the restoration of the old constitution—the abolition of the Union between Great Britain and Ireland, and government by "The King, Lords and Commons of Ireland." I may have got this impression through hearing that in his Consular office he insisted that he represented Ireland as well as Great Britain, and had had the heading of his stationery changed to bring the recognition of Ireland as a distinct kingdom, and not merely as a province of Great Britain.

It must have been immediately before this holiday of his in the Glens of Antrim that he undertook the investigation into the reported atrocities in King Leopold's Congo domain. The story of that single-handed effort to check the extermination of a whole native population is well told in Denis Gwynne's book. Casement

was known as an expert of West African conditions, and had earned a reputation for great personal courage and enterprise. Moreover, he was looked upon as a man who possessed the highest sort of morale. Denis Gwynne quotes the opinion of one who knew him in Africa, "a high-minded man, against whom there has never been the breath of any kind of scandal. To me, he has always represented what is meant by the words honour and courage. I have known him twenty-one years (five years of our friendship being spent together in Africa), and I cannot imagine a finer specimen of a man. He invariably wins the hearts and confidence of all he meets. He is absolutely honourable and without fear." His report, sent to all the chancellaries of Europe, had repercussions that were felt through the whole civilized world. King Leopold was forced to reform the administration of his domain, raising his revenues without recourse to atrocities.

Denis Gwynne informs us that Casement had nineteen months' leave of absence after the Congo investigation, and that he spent most of this holiday in Ireland. This accounts for the memory I have of seeing him in Dublin several times at an interval after my first meeting with him in the Glens of Antrim. Casement dated his commitments to Irish nationalism from this period. It should be remembered that this moment, around 1904, was the Golden Day of the Irish revival. There was a feeling of enthusiasm and vague romantic hope amongst educated people who accepted the tradition of Irish nationalism, and not least amongst the Ulster nationalists whom Casement looked upon as being especially kindred to him. He had little interest in the literature that was being produced at the time—at least, this was my impression then. He himself was writing verse, but of the rhetorical, ballad sort that went back to the period of "The Nation." Irish nationalism was not mere romance to him; he devoted time to helping towards the economic development of the country. He took a hand, too, in the militant activities that were being resorted to by the "extremists"; the most dangerous work that one might engage in at that time was the anti-recruiting movement—the discouragement of Irishmen from joining the British Army. Casement gave his support to those who were engaged in this activity although he was in the British service, or, as he would put it, in the service of the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland. This activity of his was not made public. Denis Gwynne puts all this down to his loathing of Imperialism as a political philosophy.

He then went to Brazil where he served as Consul in several important centres. I remember a conversation I had with him when he appeared in Dublin again. Anatole France had visited Brazil, and I had been reading about a reception given to him. "Yes," said Casement, "and his lectures were attended by half-cast generals and officials who tried to talk to him as if they were civilized men." He went into a bitter denunciation of the Brazilians. "They have the richest country in the world, and all they do is sit at receipt of custom at Rio." He then launched out on a denunciation of the Monroe doctrine. It was that, he declared that kept South America from being freshened by European enterprise, leaving it in stagnation. And I was surprised to hear him speak of the Monroe doctrine as part of British diplomacy. "It is a part," he said. "The English cannot control South America, so they do the next best thing for their own interest—they share it with another English-speaking country. But it is the British fleet that gives validity to the Monroe doctrine; without the backing of the British fleet it would be an empty declaration," I must have heard him speak like this in 1910, before he undertook the Putumayo investigation, for my recollection is of his speaking only of the Brazilians of Rio. He had been a consul in that capital, and before that he had been in Para "where the liners sail in from Europe at the mouth of the longest river in the world—

As the year passed he grew more acutely aware of the emergence of a new controversy concerning the rubber trade which recalled the worst atrocities of the Congo under Leopold's administration. Tales of the massacres of Indians who were being exploited as rubber slaves at the other side of South America were becoming more frequent and more circumstantial in their detail. Sensational articles, pamphlets and speeches, were denouncing the regime on the boundaries of Peru and of Colombia with an insistence that called imperatively for an official investigation. As he watched the big river steamers sweeping down the Amazon with their cargoes of rubber, destined for the European markets, he could conjure up a picture of what scenes of torture and oppression had been enacted in the territories from which they came.

Then came his investigation into the operation of a rubber company in Putumayo on the Amazon with its revelations of even worse horrors than were brought to light in the Congo territories at a cost of even greater emotional and nervous exhaustion on Casement's part. His report made him the most talked-of man in the British Empire. He was publicly thanked for what he had accomplished in the House of Commons by the Prime Minister. I met him in London in 1912. It was in a restaurant, and I was with Wilfred Meynell. He came to the table and spoke to us and I mumbled introductions. As he was leaving, Wilfred Meynell said to me "What an impressive-looking man your friend Mr. Casey is." "Sir Roger Casement," I said. Instantly Wilfred Meynell went to detain this most interesting personage, and excitement went through the restaurant as his name was repeated. We spoke about Putumayo, and Casement now told us that he was arranging to have Irish monks of the Franciscan order establish a mission in Putumayo. "Are you a Catholic, Sir Roger?" Wilfred Meynell asked. "I think I may say I have been one," Casement replied.

And now I began to have more of an association with him. He had retired from the Consular service and was living in Dublin, and I had become sole editor of the *Irish Review*. He sent me some contributions. I published a poem of his "In the Streets of Catania." Now before I saw the review in which it appeared, I received a letter from him and as I read it I was astonished at the richness of the abuse that was being heaped upon me. There was a misprint in the poem—a pretty bad misprint—and never had poet blasted editor and printer with such whole-hearted fervour before. I wish I had kept that letter. But I took it and read it to the publisher, Ernest Manico. He was amazed and impressed. "That's something of a letter," he said, and took it from me and put it in a safe. I hope the letter is still in existence.

The misprint was very effective in destroying the sound as well as the sense.

The next time I met him I renewed my apologies for the mistreatment of his poem, and found him quite forgiving and indulgent. He told me that he wanted to publish something else in the review, and asked me to breakfast with him so that we might talk over this contribution. I went to the house he was staying in in Baggot Street. Breakfast with him was rather a joke, for

he never took breakfast. He showed me the article he wanted published and talked about the conditions that it had relation to. I realized how important was the matter that was being confided to me. He asked me for an assurance that I would not reveal who the writer was. I, of course, gave him such assurance.

Casement expected a war in 1915 between Germany and the French-English-Russian combination. His sympathy was entirely with Germany which country he thought would be put diplomatically in the wrong. "The Germans do not know," he said, "what the feeling of England towards them actually is. The German Ambassador knows nothing. When he enters a room the conversation automatically changes. The wonderful English unanimity is being used to mislead Germany." But Germany, he thought, would be undefeated in the war. The conflict, with its difficulties for England, with the necessity it would bring to Germany for an understanding of the Irish situation, would give Ireland her opportunity. Independence of England could only be achieved, as Italian independence of Austria had been achieved, by men who were prepared to fight and die. The Irish struggle would have to enter on an armed phase. He talked very seriously and impressively, and I was convinced that Ireland would have to prepare for an armed struggle. I knew that war with Germany was coming, but no one whom I knew had thought out what policy nationalist Ireland was to adopt in the struggle. Casement's article which he signed with one of the secret names for Ireland, "Shan Van Vocht" was the first attempt to state such a policy.

I published the article and he had copies sent to some members of the German General Staff and to General Hertzog in South Africa. The article made a sensation: it was referred to in the London *Times* and the German press. Then the *Irish Review* passed from my control. A month afterwards I saw Casement in the Abbey Theatre. There was a vacant seat in the stalls beside him and I went and took it. But I found him distinctly distant towards me. I was writing about the play and had to leave early. As I went out I saw him in the vestibule and went to take leave of him. Again he was distant, and as I was going he said, "I asked you not to mention who wrote 'Ireland, Germany and the Next War,' and I find you have done so." I was thunderstruck, and protested that I had made no such revelation, but found that he was unconvinced by what I said.

Then I went home and wrote him a letter. I told him something that I had intended to keep to myself. A few days before a charming lady had said to me, "Do you think Roger Casement will be our leader?" I said I didn't know. "But," she said, "you know his ideas very well; you published his article on 'Ireland, Germany and the Next War.' " I lied manfully, saying that the article in question was not by Casement. "Why do you say that?" she said. "I sat next him at dinner last night, and he told me he had written it." I wrote Casement that the fault was his own if people knew he had written the article, that a lady to whom he had made the disclosure was talking freely about it. I did not hear from him for some time; then I got a letter inviting me to join him somewhere, a letter signed "Ruari MacAsmund," the Gaelic form of his name—Casement was a form of a Norse-Irish name.

This brings me to the error which is on page 194 in Denis Gwynne's book. It is inevitable that in every biography there will be reconstructions which are merely plausible, for the biographer has a pattern in his mind and is inclined to make all sorts of incidents part of that pattern. And so in dealing with "Ireland, Germany, and the Next War" he takes a wrong lead when he writes:—

Among his young friends in Ireland who shared his indifference to the Irish Home Rule Bill, and who were fascinated by his wide experience of foreign affairs, were two poets in Dublin, Thomas MacDonagh and Joseph Plunkett, who had recently founded a monthly magazine entitled "The Irish Review." They persuaded him to contribute to one of its earliest issues an article dealing frankly with his own views on the future of Irish politics.

Now this is a course of events which is entirely assumed; it is plausible, for MacDonagh and Plunkett were in the insurrection, and Casement was to encounter Plunkett as an agent in Berlin; moreover, they were for a time joint editors of "The Irish Review." But when the article in question appeared Casement was a stranger to both of them. As I have already said, I was the sole editor at the time. And Roger Casement, as I have shown, was not persuaded to write it by any editor; he wrote it in reply to a paragraph in an article by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in which the

creator of Sherlock Holmes took the trouble to inform Irish nationalists that they had better be on England's side in the coming war with Germany. At least, this paragraph in Conan Doyle's article gave him the urge to write a manifesto which he had the mind. The article appeared in the last issue to be edited by me. Then Plunkett and MacDonagh took over the review. Later on, guessing that he was the writer of the article in question, Plunkett approached Casement with the idea of getting other articles from him on kindred subjects. It was this approach to him that made him think that I had disclosed who the writer of the article was. And the review had already been in existence for a couple of years; it was founded by Professor Houston, Thomas MacDonagh, James Stephens and myself.

There is another re-construction which I know to be hardly warranted. It is on page 233, in a passage relating to the events which led up to the Howth gun-running :—

Casement and MacNeill were joined by a mysterious figure, Mr. Darrell Figgis whom Mrs. Green had introduced to both Redmond and Casement.

If Denis Gwynne wants to imply that Darrell Figgis was a mysterious figure to Casement, he is wrong. In 1914, at Easter, Darrell Figgis came to Dublin from London and asked me to introduce him to Casement and Professor MacNeill. Casement came to my house to meet Figgis—this was the occasion when I saw him take note of the blossoming lilac—he was followed by detectives, it is of interest to add.

There is on page 392 a mistake in fact. Writing about the junta of the secret society which forced the Irish Volunteers into an insurrection which was against the policy of their nominal leaders, Denis Gwynne has this to say :—

The conflict between that reasoned view and the fierce fanatical hatred of England which inspired the I.R.B. was irreconcilable. Their orders in the last resort were dictated by John Devoy in America.

This is quite wrong. In the first place, John Devoy was not sole chief of Clan-na-Gael, and he could never have given any orders on his own initiative. And he never interfered with the plans

formed by the leaders in Ireland. "They are on the spot, and they know what is best," he would say. I knew nothing of the policies of Clan-na-Gael, but I knew John Devoy; I remember how moved he was when the I.R.A. had a woman spy shot in the North of Ireland. He regarded this as an atrocity. "But the order came from headquarters in Dublin," he said, "and they know best." He always acknowledged that the only men competent to judge the situation arising out of revolutionary activities were the revolutionary group in Dublin.

The Ireland that Casement returned to after Putumayo was very different from the Ireland he had returned to after the Congo. "Romantic Ireland is dead and gone, it's with O'Leary in the grave," wrote a poet at this time. Certainly the period of vague idealism had gone by. There were now groups in the country who were determined on taking political and economic control, and a militaristic spirit was beginning to show itself. At the same time a measure of Irish autonomy was being put through the British House of Commons. But this was being resisted in the name of "Ulster." A Cork lawyer with a Dublin accent, Sir Edward Carson, led the resistance, but he drew his power from the Director of Military Operations in the British Army, Sir Henry Wilson, who seemed to be determined to make the Irish people realize that the last word about their national aspirations had to be pronounced in the War Office in London and in the Curragh Camp in Ireland. And before Casement had crossed over to Ireland he had had a harrowing time. He had come from South America to England and had waited for judgment to be executed on the perpetrators of the outrages he had witnessed. He had waited for a year. For any man of ardent temperament this delay must have been maddening; for Casement, with the horrors of the jungle tortures clear in his mind, with his body, mind and nerves worn taut, it must have been an agonizing business. I think it is possible that he then began to transfer some of the hatred that he felt for the cruel men of the forest to men who were at the head of an empire. He had gone back to Putumayo, and found that the conditions which he had shattered for a while were being re-established. "The Company had determined to retain forcible exploitation of the Indians as their right by conquest and their surest means of speedy gain." Then he had gone to Washington to enlist American sympathy, with the result that pressure had been brought to bear upon

Peru from both Great Britain and the United States. Casement had then ended his connection with the British service, and had retired with a pension of four hundred pounds a year. At the age of forty-eight he began to give his political energies to the Irish Nationalist cause, and at a time when that cause was being mocked at and thwarted by great servants of the British Empire, high military officers and prospective cabinet members.

Roger Casement's career was full of psychological interest, and a psychological reading of his later career might begin with this definite entry of his into Irish affairs. He had been an ardent Irish Nationalist for years, but up to the time when he resigned from the Consular service there is nothing to show that his hatred of England as a world-power was such that he wished for her defeat in war. It might be argued that he did not have any such hatred, that all that happened was that he foresaw the approach of a European war, that he was convinced that Germany would emerge victor from it, and that he wanted his country to be in a position to take advantage of the new distribution of power. This is the point of view that Denis Gwynne takes when he writes in his Introduction :—

The common notion that Casement changed his political views only on the eve of the war—which was asserted so confidently by Lord Birkenhead as Attorney-General during the trial for High Treason—is untrue. Like many other Ulster Protestants in Irish History, Casement developed strongly Nationalist views early in life. In the eighteen months which he spent in Ireland after the publication of the Congo report in 1903, he became intimately associated with a group of advanced Nationalists, many of them Protestants like himself, in East Ulster. Without realising the situation which existed in Ireland at his return—when official Conservatism in England was spending all its resources upon the organization of rebellion in Ulster—it is impossible to understand the very simple process of reasoning which led Casement to assist in organising a similar movement in Nationalist Ireland, and convinced him that self-government would never be won for Ireland by constitutional means.

But this is not the interesting point. That Roger Casement was a Nationalist, that he looked to an armed Volunteer force in the country as a means of asserting the national claim may be

taken for granted. But Casement also desired the defeat of England as a world-power—I know that from my contacts with him at the time. Now when did a hatred that could evoke such a desire grow up in him? He may always have had it. That I can hardly believe: he had served the state he wished to see defeated for a long term of years, he had gone here and there on its bidding, he had accepted (although it must be said he did not greatly prize them) the honours it bestowed on him. I can hardly believe that all the time he was in the British service he hated England as a world-power. Nor can I believe that the insolent denial of the national claim by Carson, Wilson and F. E. Smith (the Birkenhead who was to prosecute Casement for High Treason) could create that hatred; it could, I am sure, and did, contribute something to it. No. This hatred, I feel sure, was a transference from some other object. I think that when he came back to Ireland he put Africa and South America clear out of his mind: I never heard him speak of the people of these places except in distant, ethnological terms. But something must have remained from his experience in the forest and the jungle; it is not at all unlikely that he projected them into Irish history. He would talk about atrocities committed on the Irish people as if he were recalling them. The figures in contemporary Irish politics were for him resuscitations of figures of the past. I remember his speaking to me about Sir Edward Carson. To me, Carson was just an able agitator, but as Casement spoke about him I got the impression of him as one of the villains of history. “He will succeed,” Casement said, “he will destroy the present government, and we’ll have him ruling Ireland as another Fitzgibbon.” Villains are figments of the imagination to most of us, but they were real to Casement; he had known villains, and he knew what power in the world they have and what real immunity. He thought about villains, I imagine many times in the course of his day. And he came, I think, to have a hero to pit against the villains who were out to destroy all that was hopeful in Ireland—he knew “the deliverer of Kathleen-ni-Houlihan.” When I saw him in America in October 1914 he asked me who, in the opinion of people I knew, could form a government in Ireland in the event of a British naval defeat. I repeated some names. None of the men I mentioned were adequate, he implied. Then speaking as if to himself he said, “Ireland can be saved by another Owen Roe O’Neill coming over the sea to her.” In other words,

by a trained man who had obtained experience in another country's service, and who knew European standards and requirements. And it was obvious to me that Casement, an Ulsterman like Owen Roe, saw himself as that knightly and accomplished general.

Casement's great achievements were when he was alone, when he could go into "unspeakable wildernesses" and do his work without dealings or communications with colleagues or associates. To the cause to which he dedicated the last years of his tragic life he contributed sound ideas. He had not, however, sound judgment as regards the means he used to give effect to these ideas. As a statement of policy "Ireland, Germany and The Next War" is wholly admirable: it states ably the external implications of Griffiths' statesmanlike policy; with Casement's idea associated with Griffiths' a statesmanlike policy with regard to that country which is "primarily an European island inhabited by a European people who are not English, and who have for centuries appealed to Europe and the world" emerges at last, and the spectacle which for generations had sickened high-spirited Irishmen, the spectacle of their country's status being made a brawling issue for British parties, is cast aside, never to be revived. To make the Irish question a European one—it was to do this that Casement was to devote the remnant of his life.

But, as I have said, he showed poor judgment in the way he strove to carry out his idea. For instance, after helping to create a Volunteer force in Ireland which was not only to cancel out the Ulster Volunteers but to be a factor in eventualities—the European war in Casement's time-table was due in 1915—he made the mistake of suggesting that General Kelly-Kenny be invited to take the position of commander of the force. Anyone would have known that the Volunteers would never take orders from an officer who had come to them from the British service: the presence of such an officer would end enthusiasm for and enterprise within the Volunteers. It was wise and patriotic on his part to strive to get from Germany a declaration that she would respect Irish institutions in the event of her forces reaching the British Islands; the making of that declaration by Germany did a great deal towards making the Irish a European question. But the consideration he offered in exchange for it—the formation of an Irish Brigade from amongst the Irish prisoners in the German camps—was both useless and unworthy. These soldiers were not conscripts; they had joined the British Army on their own

initiative, they had pride in and loyalty to the famous regiments they belonged to, and the leaving of their comrades and their regiments to form a Brigade in the German service was bound to be regarded as desertion by them. The attempts to get Irish prisoners of war to take a side that would make them allies of Germany was a hopelessly unsound idea.

I saw him for the last time in October 1914. He was staying in the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn, and my wife and I had tea with him there. What he had prophesied, he held, had come to pass—Germany had been put diplomatically in the wrong, and England, by cutting the Atlantic cable and so isolating Germany, had achieved a characteristic victory. He was full of contempt for Bryce for putting his name to the report on German atrocities in Belgium and for those who took the Bryce report seriously. And now Japan was in with the Allies. "Germany is the victim of an indecent assault," he declared vehemently. But he was hopeful that the entrance of Japan into the war would have the effect of making America critical of the allied propaganda. He was very nervous, very unsettled, I remember. The size of the United States, the standardization he saw dismayed him. He told me that he was sure the States would break up into three nationalities—an Eastern, a Western and a Southern nationality, each developing its own distinctive language.

Then he went to Germany. The American press copied the comments of the English press, using the word "treasonable" with regard to his movements. I wrote a letter which the *Tribune* published justifying what he had done and explaining the attitude to the European war of the party he belonged to in Ireland. His sojourn in Germany must have been a purgatory for him. From the time of his entry into that country until his going out of it two years later he was involved in a maze of plot and counter-plot. One plot, or alleged plot, owing to the way he reacted to it, did Casement enormous harm: this was the one in which the British Minister to Norway, Mr. de C. Findlay, figured. He was alleged to have made an offer to Casement's servant which was to lead up to either the kidnapping of the Irish envoy or his being "knocked on the head." Casement believed the story as his servant (a thoroughly bad lot) related it, and his hatred of Findlay became an obsession with him. He wasted time laying traps and weaving webs that would implicate Findlay more and more deeply. He wanted the Germans to publish the documents in

the case, he wanted the Irish in America to give the widest publicity to the plot that had been made against him. He did not realise that his complaints to the German authorities had the effect of putting him under the gravest suspicion. The British Minister had failed to hold him—why? Was it not because he was really an agent whom the British wanted to get into Germany and was not this story told by a scamp whom the police were watching only an attempt to fool the authorities? The Irish revolutionary group in America took the matter coolly. The British Minister had tried to get him kidnapped or knocked on the head—well, and why not? So Casement, for a long time, was left to act alone against Mr. de C. Findlay—that is to say to get more and more obsessed with this new enmity of his. If the British Minister had really wanted—and why should he not?—to destroy Casement, he could not have taken a better way than by projecting an unaccomplishable plot, for the obsession that thwarted Casement externally and internally was more destroying than any kidnapping could have been. It is illuminating to notice how, in this maze of plot, the unintentional factor triumphs while the carefully planned move is cancelled out by some other carefully planned move. Findlay's alleged attempt on Casement's life or liberty, Casement's own death—these were what made for consummations. The obsession about Findlay deflected Casement's purpose; his death with all its dramatic circumstance hardened the will of the Irish people, forced the revolution on, and was one of the factors in bringing Ireland to the status that Casement dreamed of—a state capable of taking on the functions of a European entity.

The group that brought about his execution planned to blacken his name. Stories were circulated with the object of showing him as a man of perverted habits; a diary in his handwriting was put upon view. It was never explained how this diary came into the hands of the British Secret Service. Denis Gwynne advanced a theory about this document: it would be unthinkable if related of any other man, but to my mind, it is very credible when related of Casement. The theory is that the handwriting is Casement's but that the diary is not. The diary was kept by one of the Putumayo gang, a man whom Casement wished to charge with every horror. Casement copied the diary when it fell into his hands. I can see him, in those long days of inaction as he became obsessed with the villainy of some enemy copying

down the record—perhaps translating it—of another evil. We know how skilful all Secret Services were in wartime in making chance documents fit their propaganda—General Maurice told us how mention of corpses in a German document was turned into corpse-factories, adding another horror to the “Huns’” record. Denis Gwynne notes that Casement while engaged in exposing the Congo atrocities was watched by men who represented great interests and who had control of a great section of the European press. If they had found out anything that would have discredited King Leopold’s opponent we may be sure they would have given it the widest publicity. On this subject I think I can add a word.

On the publication of the Congo report Casement was attacked by *The Irish World* of New York as an English agent. England wanted the Congo trade, and this report by her agent was preparatory to ousting Catholic Belgium from the profitable Congo domain. When he came to America in 1914 *The Irish World* had him shadowed for some months. After he had been executed and the charges against him were being whispered around, the late Robert Ford, then editor of *The Irish World*, said to me, “There is nothing in these charges; we had him followed everywhere, and he behaved everywhere as an innocent and honourable man.” The time has come when the British Secret Service should withdraw those charges against him or else tell us where and how they obtained the documents they put on exhibition.

Roger Casement’s name will remain on the canon of martyrs for Irish liberation. And it will ever be associated with a single-minded and almost single-handed fight against cruelty and brutality. In that great report of his on Putumayo he put down words which have the power to move us—words in which one who knew him finds the essential Roger Casement :—

It may be long before a demoralization drawing its sanction from so many centuries of indifference and oppression can be uprooted; but Christianity owns schools and missions as well as dreadnoughts and dividends. In bringing to that neglected region and to those terrorised people something of the suavity of life, the gentleness of mind, the equity of intercourse between man and man that Christianity seeks to extend, the former implements of her authority should be more potent than the latter.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON

Translated from the French of Roger Chauviré.

MASTER Pierre Bouhéreau wrote in ornate letters the word FIN, set it off with a marvellous flourish intertwined in the shape of the nether part of a lamp, sighed, and put down on the table his spectacles and his quill.

He listened, wondering ; at times he could believe he heard a faint rumble of thunder, far off, like the end of a storm, towards the North. . . . It was not so. The great army of books observed him in dark religious silence. Above the polished shelves, here and there, rose the arms of the Lord Primate. The fawn backs of the folios, bespangled with faded gold, stood in rows, majestically piled. Virgil and Saint Paul, with long philosophic beards, continued their eternal and dumb colloquy from their opposing niches. The purring turf flames exhaled their heavy reek-laden heat. A spider hung from the end of its silken plumb-line. And through the tall window and the grey meshes of the rain he watched the grey rugged mass of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and the quiet grey slabs of the monuments at the foot of its walls, outstanding on the hard shiny green of the mown grass.

The old man cast on the piles of papers that besieged him a look which was already one of detachment, signifying both relief and weariness ; his great work was completed ! And for the moment, without actually praying, he was drifting mentally into a state both dreamy and prayerful, he was abandoning his soul to the Sovereign Creator. *In manus tuas, Domine.* . . .

Well had he earned it, O Lord ! As he looked back over the past, how many miseries, trials, tribulations came to mind ! Yet he recalled them without repugnance, and even with a melancholy pleasure, strong and sweet, like the joy of duty accomplished, wherein are unequally mixed the satisfying consciousness of accomplishment and the comforting assurance of not having to go through it again.

Good Lord ! how distant it all seemed ! The old minister who had half secretly married him and Barbe, his wife, in the little place of worship in Poitiers, while they heard from across the square the Papist hymns that went up from Notre-Dame-la-Grande ; the sixteen children God had sent, one each year, to

bless their union, and of whom, because of numerous deaths in childhood, only seven now survived ; the dark narrow Clain whose waters were turned aside to surround the grey walls and green slopes of the ramparts ; the districts he had traversed in the interest of business as well as of the faith, villages out in a wilderness, whose ancient names rang in every believer's ear with recollections of suffering and of glory, Jarnac, Moncontour, Oiron hiding in its forest the pomp of Admiral Bonnivet's tomb, quiet, sleepy Saumur stretched on its river-banks, under guard of bastions built by Duplessis-Mornay, Lusignan haunted by Mélusine, Saint-Jean d'Angély watching beside the Charente ; and the dim shop with its heaped up bales of Flemish cloth and Tours silk, the smell of baking cakes on Saturday evenings from the oven of the neighbouring baker's, the lovely golden skies of heat in the autumn of Poitou, and in lane or on tree-arched road, on the lips of nobleman or ragamuffin, the drawling French of those parts, the speech of France. . . .

And year by year, as for a tracked wild beast aware of the closing ring of hunters, life had become more unquiet, more hunted, less possible. Edict after edict, banning of sermons in the towns, banning by the lesser nobility, and by the high justiciaries. They were there before him, all those cruel edicts ; and Master Pierre complacently laid his hand on the twelve hundred pages of his beloved manuscript, reviewing in his mind the *Memoirs of the sufferings, wrongs and losses endured for the Faith by members of the Church of the provinces of Aunis, Saintonge and Poitou, together with the Roll, collected to the best of the writer's ability, of Edicts, Ordinances and Decrees of justice thereto relating, with the list of Towns, Villages, and also notable persons, in whose regard unjust acts of violence have been done, augmented by a dedicatory Letter to the Lord Marquis of Ruigny, Moderator General of the banished Churches, as well as an appeal to the King, Louis le Grand, refuting the calumnies maliciously hurled against the true Church, and exhorting him to revoke the unhappy and fatal Ordinance of 1685, which keeps out of France his most faithful subjects.* They were there, all those murderous edicts, each in its place and under its date, like various stones of the monument of malice and iniquity. The impartial future, reading them in Master Pierre's great work, would avenge the martyrs, and who knows ? perhaps, with better knowledge, even he would also,

the great monarch from whom faithless ministers had fraudulently wrung those edicts. . . .

They had had to leave Poitou, and settle in Saintonge, where those of the Faith were stronger. But then came the missions, insinuating and tenacious, with money for the poor, and honeyed words, with a flavour of menace, for the rich. Pierre remembered chiefly one of those tempters, one of the worst, a skilful, gentle, inflexible man, with charming features of nobility and goodness, a whited sepulchre, the Abbé de Fénelon by name. And then, blasphemy and scandal in the home, the dragoons quartered on them, devouring the hen-roost, drinking the cellar, beating the master, and when the silence of evening fell, the strain of listening, the horrible fear of hearing, outside where the girls slept, his majesty the soldier scratching at the door . . . Some consideration indeed was shown at times for middle-class people like themselves ; but for artisans, labourers, wage-earners and others of mechanical occupation, no mercy ! One evening they were forewarned, through the pity of an officer of the law, that their two eldest girls were to be taken from their parents and immured in a convent till abjuration. That evening, drawn hither and thither by so many ties, so many interests on the spot, held between the fear of the future and the claims of souls to be saved, Master Pierre had pronounced the verdict of adieu ; no choice now in France but apostasy or death. They had to fly.

By good luck, things had gone smoothly for his family. As for himself and twelve others, citizens of La Rochelle, who had gone as stowaways in the hold of an outward-bound ship, they were betrayed by a spy, and the minion who had captured them, a certain L'Aventure, had first broken his pike-staff on their backs, and then had shoved them into a malodorous dungeon, to live on bread and water. Days of misery and torment ! He called to mind with a re-awakening shudder that terrible night when he was beaten, man-handled, almost blinded and overwhelmed to the point of losing his senses, when finally a blow on the head stretched him out in happy release from agony, that night when the shop-keeper of Brouage, their fellow and brother in God, was tied to his bed-posts while the torturers with ingenious patience plucked one by one the hairs from his legs, and the victim uttered such piercing cries as still stabbed the brain, after such a length of years, and all the time the lance-corporal, mad

with rage and drink, kept barking and growling with a drunkard's ferocious persistence : " You'll recant—the King's orders ! You'll recant, you Huguenot skunk—the King's orders ! " Thank Heaven, the rascal was not money-proof, and when his palm was greased with a few pistoles at the right moment, fortunately brought about a general escape. The thirteen, in sailors' get-up and caps drawn over their ears, had passed the two stout harbour-towers ; the chain of the harbour-bar had been lowered before their stem ; the grey slimy tide was surlily plashing under the piles of the break-water, built by the atrocious Haman¹ ; and when the sandy forbidding flatness of Ré had disappeared in fog, the thirteen refugees from that land of persecution and martyrdom looked at one another without a word, and felt their eyes filling with insensate tears.

The bad days seemed over. The silk manufacturers of Tours, who had been the first to emigrate, wholesale merchants with whom he had formerly dealt, were in London to welcome him. He had again the Church services in their bareness and severity, with Marot's psalms and Goudimel's music, strength of faith and purity of morals, the fervour of prayer in the vernacular. This was at the church of Well Street, Seven Dials, called La Tremblade by the members of the Reformed Faith. He had passed over to Ireland with letters of recommendation from the Marquis de Ruigny to His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in whose lordly dwelling he had found his harbour, this grand library where age came on him amid dignity and calm and studious leisure.

The Scriptures, the doctors and polemist, Saint Paul and Calvin, Duplessis-Mornay and Sainte-Aldegonde, Claude, Basnage and Jurieu, all were at his hand. They inspired in him like silent friends the vocation of his last years, to relate, day by day and village by village, the sufferings endured for the faith in the valleys of Poitou and the bogs of Aunis, to cover the persecutors with infamy, and give renown to a host of obscure martyrdoms. From the King ill-informed he would appeal to the King well-informed, and some day perhaps that much abused but not malicious monarch, in whose veins after all the blood of true believers ran, would recall his children from exile, and permit

¹ Biblical name given by the Huguenots to Richelieu.

them to prove their devotion to their prince without betraying the cause of God.

It was now the fourth of those years which Master Pierre Bouhéreau, with ceaseless enthusiasm for his holy purpose, had devoted to his great task. Work brings solace; and habituation lulls regret. He was now able to understand the explosive and rude syllables of these Cimmerians, although in order to make them understand how to pronounce his own name, Boireau, as it sounded in his native province, he had to write it in a Gothic and barbarous form, Bouhéreau. He was surrounded by the respect and sympathy which misfortune elicits, when it looks for nothing more. Security from death by violence was so sweet that Master Pierre, even though he may have thought his children would regain their inheritance, and see again, some day, the old country, accepted for himself without excessive distress the idea that perhaps he would find rest here, beneath a greyish slab and the green shiny turf, surrounded by his brothers in God, in this consecrated ground which faith had piously wrested from superstition. Thus had the sponge-like humidity of the Irish sky effaced in him the imagination of other autumns more ruddily illumined, and the warmer glory of other suns. A sort of negative happiness, the apathy of home-sickness, was settling gradually in his soul as wine grows crusty in bottle, when suddenly, once more . . . Ah, well! when holy Job had lost his flocks and possessions, had it not pleased the Lord to try him further in his wife and his children?

The French in Ireland! Hardly had William of Orange, the avenging prince, overthrown the Stuart tyrant, when all this Papish scum of Ireland, purely through malice and spirit of rebellion, rose in favour of the dethroned King. They had called in the French, and the French were at Dublin. Their general was the infamous Lauzun, of that great house of Caumont which was decimated on St. Bartholomew's Eve, and whose unworthy scion was now an Apostate. Abomination of desolation! He himself, of course, Pierre Bouhéreau, led a life which was out of the way, inoffensive, unnoticed, and up to the present they had left him alone. But all who counted in the country, all who deserved respect, the English nobility, the land-owners planted by Cromwell, the Protestants come over from France, all had fled. The Lord Archbishop had been one of the

first to go, and under the polluted roof of St. Patrick's now rose the impure Latin of the Romish hymns. The flower of the refugees, Ménards, Le Fanus, La Guillonnières, had joined the Orange army which was marching on Dublin; and young Latouche, who was engaged to his elder daughter Rebecca, was serving as cornet in Vieilleville's dragoons, a regiment recruited entirely from the French Huguenots. Meantime, here in the capital a usurping Parliament, all Catholic, was voting savage laws of attainder against the absconded *émigrés*, and was confiscating their possessions. Ah! days of sadness and horror! And what an irony for the French exile to experience an added misery in hearing around him what he had heard on far-off evenings, the language of France!

They passed by in the streets, those French of the Evil One who had brought back the Whore of Babylon riding in their midst. Swaggering and boastful, they rode by on their enormous chargers with plaited tails, laughing loudly in bravado, and insolently eyeing the terrified women; and Master Pierre would grow pale with anger and fear when they spattered him with mud as they passed. They were not ashamed of their company, Irish dogs, barbarous dregs of humanity in foot-wear of untanned skins, who mingled the croaking of their hoarse lingo with the melody of the French tongue. Great gamblers and drunkards, rakes and blasphemers they were, all that warlike crowd, doing the most frightful things with a laugh, for pastime, knocking down the parsons, kissing the girls, throwing Bibles in the gutter. They had with them Croatians in great red cloaks, Catholic mercenaries from Slavonia, the worst of the lot; these, in order to make people confess where their money was hidden, used to squeeze their thumbs under the hammers of their muskets. And some cavalrymen, to show their hatred of "Nick's Cow,"¹ wore again on their cloaks the red scarf of the great religious wars of a hundred years ago.

One evening Master Bouhéreau got a real fright. Standing

¹ It was said that in the village of Bionne, near Orleans, one day during a sermon, a cow belonging to one Colas (Nicholas) Pannier entered and was killed and eaten by the Calvinists. A lawsuit followed, and the Huguenots were sentenced to pay compensation for the cow. A song was made about the affair, which the Huguenots regarded as a provocation. L'Estoile relates in his *Journal de Henri IV.* that on the 10th of September, 1605, it was forbidden, under pain of strangulation, to sing in Paris the song of Colas, on account of the violent quarrels it daily caused.

at his house door with his hand on the knocker, he felt a heavy fist on his shoulder, and heard a thick voice hailing him in French by his name. It was L'Aventure! There he was, jovial, mocking and imperious; how refuse him admittance? He laughed, and laughed alone, smelt somewhat of wine, showed himself on the whole restrained, except, alas! in his language, behaved like a good fellow, full of his fun. Luckily the girls were not there that evening, Master Pierre's ale was slightly sour, his house poor and badly appointed, and Mademoiselle Bouhéreau, his wife, had, thank Heaven, an unlovely countenance and a look sufficiently forbidding: L'Aventure had not called again. But his favourable dispositions were obvious; and when he met his old acquaintance in town, the lance-corporal, staggering by or passing with tilted cap, arm in arm with some creature of the streets, never failed to throw him a little protective salute with the tips of his fingers, while the other man, blushing with shame and quickening his steps, moved away without uttering a word.

Each day brought its scandal, its outrage, its terror, its bitter cup. A wife and seven children, two of them girls, not to mention the maid, what a charge for a father answerable before God for their integrity both of soul and body, amid the wanton licentiousness of the soldiery! Should he fly again? Too easily said. In the first place, whither? Across the sea? Why, it was covered with the enemies' sail. What about America? After Poitou, Aunis; after Aunis, England; after England, Ireland; should he turn, after Ireland, to the savage wilds of the New World? No, enough of it. The old wayfarer will travel no more. He is tired of wandering on the face of the earth. If he must die with his own, let them all die here, without further attempt to escape the sword of Nebuchadnezzar. A secret voice whispers to him that God, after so many migrations, is content with His servant. His task is done. *Exegi monumentum*, he murmurs, with a mental prayer to be forgiven the profane allusion. His great work is a reality, vindicatory of the past and a bulwark for the future. There is the question of a publisher. What soul could harbour the impious doubt? Let the trial come, he will bear witness to the truth, even at the cost of innocent blood. Of Mademoiselle Bouhéreau he is sure, for she holds her opinions with a singular obstinacy, which she does

not confine to the religious sphere ; if need be, in presence of the stake, she will be for her children a new mother of the Macchabees. And Master Pierre, having had more than one experience of that fertile imagination and shrill decisive laugh, smiles with intimate satisfaction, and feels assured that she will not be extinguished without first giving the modern representatives of Antiochus their bellyful of a lesson.

So then he has reached the goal. This is the land where Pierre Bouhéreau must live, or die, with his own. This is the river of Babylon by which he waits till his return to the lost Jerusalem ; and here, perhaps, he will find the lions' den and the glory eternal. *Super flumina Babylonis* . . . Pierre Bouhéreau shall go no further.

The rain is over, and with it the distant rumbling of thunder which caught his ear a while ago. A fresh breeze is chasing the clouds overhead, and in a moment all is flooded by the generous July sun, which lights the smooth grassy surface, and sparkles in the suspended water-drops. And now, what marvel is this ? The old man fancies anew he can discern a strange and hitherto unheard sound, a far off medley of countless rumblings. Ah, his poor old ears are afflicted with deafness and singing noises ; they surely deceive him ! All of a sudden, a mad gallop crashes over the pavement, the animal, turning in on the square, has his four legs swept from under him and tumbles, and the rider, a wild Irishman, frees himself with cat-like agility and disappears as quickly as a dream . . . Then it was real ! The noise approaches, grows in volume, indistinct and powerful, like the tidal reflux rolling the pebbles of the beach on a day of storm. Master Pierre goes down, opens prudently, feels as though he were near being trampled under foot by a compact body of horsemen that career past without looking right or left. They are grey musketeers, the sturdiest corps of the French, all noblemen, sullenly silent, wounded, some of them, trotting as on a review day, riding boot to boot and with pistols at their hips, around a man in a red-plumed hat.

" King James ! " murmurs the old man.

The escort has passed, and alone behind it, with measured rise and fall in his stirrups, comes an old white-moustached rear-guardsmen, with a hard, hunted look in eyes that flash with courage and intrepid defiance, shooting now and then a backward, wolf-

like glance over his shoulder, But what's up now? The din rises again, rises in deep-throated surges, in violent explosions. In a twinkling, as though a wand had waved, the streets are black with people, crowds who had burrowed in hiding for weeks. Some are flying, others pursuing, a shot rings out and echoes, all are running and shouting, and now rises an immense, delirious clamour, at last distinguishable: Orange! Orange! Orange!

The victors! Can it be? "Deliverance . . . Deliverance . . ." stammers Master Pierre, carried away in spite of himself by the raving throng. The shock is too much for him, he laughs and cries together; and perceiving in the distance Mistress Barbe Bouhéreau panting, struggling in the human tide, he discerns for the first time in his life on that yellow, forbidding face an irradiation of fierce and celestial joy, like sunlight reflected from a bog.

The victors! the victors! Horsemen only, who have raced like grim death after the heels of the routed Jacobites, they come with eyes madly dancing, grinding their teeth, pallid with exhaustion and pride. Horsemen only, Hanoverian carbineers, English dragoons, French Huguenots pell-mell, mingling their divers tongues, stopped in their pursuit, surrounded, crushed by the thronging populace and the very mass of the prisoners they drive before them. A herd of Irish passes by, apparently free, but obviously broken and overwhelmed, having lost even the instinct of escape. The savage brutes! but yesterday they whipped us away from the sermon, and now, subdued, they shuffle and plunge and collide, with the passive look of beasts on their way to the shambles. Here come some French prisoners, the most hated perhaps, because the most feared. Their reckoning is ready, they are aware of it, and behave defiantly, in a spirit of bravado, and also with the hope of being sooner killed; but their stiff-necked character is well known, they are closely tied together, thwacked with the flat of sabre-blades, huddled along.

But who is that back there on the pied horse, prancing gaily? Ah, God is good, God loves us, it is young Latouche himself, Rebecca's fiancé, given back to her unscathed by the war. He has recognised them and calls out joyously; they see his open mouth but cannot hear the greeting. To salute the girl, he lifts his sword, a straight and heavy blade with a dull-coloured film overlaying it. He advances to the accompaniment of laughter,

roars of laughter that rise as he comes into view. An amusing fellow, indeed—hasn't his equal for practical jokes. He also has his prisoner, attached to his saddle. And how? He has put on him a horse's head-harness for sport, closely strapped on his head, with the bit between his teeth; and for miles he has dragged his captive thus, like a led horse. It is a huge success, and much applauded. But unhappily the man can hold out no longer. From his broken arm dark drops are trickling, falling in the dust from the tips of his empasted fingers. He falls. His captor vainly applies the lip-squeezing curb. He tries to get up, falls again, and suddenly recognising Bouhéreau, implores his help with a gesture of despair. The old man has recognised him also: it is L'Aventure! He steps forward and cries out Too late. A pistol is fired, and brains scatter on the pavement. Ah, L'Aventure, it is your last adventure!

The first thought of Master Pierre, in his open-mouthed amazement, is that young Latouche is rather sudden-handed. But after some seconds' examination, he bows to events. Nothing happens in this world contrary to the designs of Providence. And this wretched L'Aventure had richly deserved it. Yet it was deplorable that he should die in error and without repenting for his sins, many of which, to Master Pierre's knowledge, were notoriously mortal. Bouhéreau turns aside his thoughts from the occurrence, and even his looks from young Latouche, to whom Rebecca was publicly giving an earnest of tender affection which would doubtless be soon legitimate, and whose excessive ardour was excused by the circumstances, but which was nevertheless a sad breach of propriety, such as a father of a family, through mere respect for his office, owed to himself not to see.

He turns aside, and looks now at the last lot of cattle which the English dragoons are pricking before them. Their hunters started them in the fields, hunted them down like foxes; to-morrow they will set out for the islands, Barbados or Jamaica, to be sold to planters. There they pass before him, women on one side, children on the other. Sometimes a mother, whose youngster has been snatched from her, makes after it with a fierce yell, but stops in front of a sword-point, self-preservation getting the better of mother's instinct, and falls back in her place with a sob of powerlessness. Children complain or cry out like the thin and feeble bleating of lambs. A shout assails them from

all around : " Off to Barbados ! Off to Barbados ! " ; and the shout reminds one of the shepherd setting his dog or scolding his flock.

Good Master Bouhéreau, with no feeling of hatred, sees their sheep-like train go by, and lessen and fade in the distance. He does not forget they are his neighbours. May these poor creatures, in the trial which Heaven sends them and which is capable of being for them a source of fruit, find zealous masters whose care it will be to melt the hardness of their hearts and bring them to the knowledge of the true Church. After all, nothing is lost while the main issue is undecided ; their salvation is still in the balance. And think of the Amalekites, Philistines, Egyptians, Sodomites, on whom the hand of the Lord in old days let a heavier vengeance fall ; why, the disgrace of these votive creatures of this evening seems insignificant beside it.

Thus lost in his pious reflexions, Master Pierre Bouhéreau instinctively moved apart from the vociferous crowd, and moved, as his feet were wont, cathedral-wards. He had come among the monuments before noticing where he was. It was deserted, that spot of tranquillity and silence. A ragged, barefoot old woman, with grey hair all unloosed from her kerchief, was laid out on the sunlit grass, so flattened out that you might have thought she had already begun sinking in the clay ; and the beads of a broken rosary, escaped from her battered fingers, had rolled in the grass around her. The exile found it a troubling sight, and made a wry face. Then he pushed open the transept door and entered. Not a soul in the immense interior, not a breath ; a serenity and vastness that were heavenly. Just at the meeting of aisle and nave, a stony heap that must have been the Virgin and Child covered the flags with pulverised débris. The crowned head of the idolatrous image, intact, as though a headsman had struck it off, looked up simperingly from the ground. This time the old man smiled without reserve, and falling on his knees in the reconquered church, gave thanks to God.

P. BROWNE.

LITERATURE IN FRANCE

By Vincent O'Sullivan.

CLOSE behind Lemonnier's "Life of Wilde," noticed in the last number, comes another French book which covers the English "Nineties" as a whole. (*Le Mouvement Esthétique et Décadent en Angleterre* [1873-1900] by Albert J. Farmer, Docteur ès Lettres).¹ The first date, 1873, may surprise: it has been taken so as to include Pater, whose book "The Renaissance" was published that year, and also the early work of Oscar Wilde and George Moore who came into action some ten years later. These three the author considers the "precursors" or begetters of the movement, and to each he devotes a section of his volume, which runs to some 400 pages of close print.

Dr. Farmer, whose name indicates that he is English or American, at least by origin, has not aimed to produce an entertaining book filled with gossip and anecdotes. He writes in a plodding subdued style and endeavours to pack as much information as he can get into each page. It is a work of labour, published under the control of *La Revue de Littérature Comparée*, and designed for students. Minute references are given in the footnotes and all the English quotations are carefully translated. He is better as an historian than as a critic, his criticism being sometimes conventional. As an historian he is generally sound, though he has fallen into some surprising mistakes, as will be shewn later on. His book, composed in university surroundings, is written with an eye on a university public. There it differs from Lemonnier's book on Wilde, written for the general body of readers.

In other ways also it differs, and to its advantage. Dr. Farmer professes his admiration for the English Nineties: seen from afar, he says, the movement gives less the impression of a decadence than of a new birth. And truly it may be said that this label, which was stuck on it by Arthur Symons, was badly chosen to describe artistic activities so little coherent by such varying performers, who, unlike the Romantics and the Symbolists in France, had not at all the desire to make war together in serried lines for a central principle recognized by all. Beardsley loathed the word decadent, and on all it connoted he used to employ his

¹ Librairie Honoré Champion : Paris.

very considerable powers of objurgation. Lionel Johnson, whose gods were Pater, Newman, Arthur Galton, and the English eighteenth century, disliked Wilde, disliked Beardsley, disliked Symons, disliked, upon a very superficial acquaintance, Baudelaire and Verlaine, and summed all that up by saying, "I don't like madmen." Yet his life was as mad as that of the most decadent French or English poet, madder even than Ernest Dowson's; for Dowson did pursue what seemed to him pleasure among other drifting fragments of humanity, whereas Johnson's was a morose and uncomforted joy, peopled by phantoms which no one else saw. There was also John Davidson, whom I liked better than any of them, except Beardsley: he did his best to play the steak-and-ale, none-of-your-dam-nonsense Britisher of the type created by Henley. But it was easy to see that he was other than that, and some of his poems, a few of his prose books, "A Rosary" and the rather disappointing "Earl Lavender," and then his dramatic end, proved that it was indeed so.

The movement in England towards artistic liberty had as one characteristic timidity, or if you like, fear. This was induced by a general atmosphere of disapproval; a lack of support even where one had a right to look for it, as from Henley and his group; but chiefly by the abuse and bullying of the press (Dr. Farmer is astounded and shocked by the brutality of some of the articles which appeared at that time) and the cowardliness of publishers. Dr. Farmer points out very truly that the appearance of Henry James, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, and some other reassuring names, beside Beardsley, Crackanthorpe and Symons in "The Yellow Book," was due to the timorousness of John Lane, the publisher, and of Henry Harland—a sort of lemonade Henry James whom Lane had chosen as editor.¹ The real boldness at that time was manifested by a few men who were far from young—Hardy with "Jude the Obscure" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," Grant Allen with "The Woman Who Did," and by a few women, George Egerton, Netta Syrett, Mrs. Caffyn who wrote "A Yellow Aster." The women made a good thing of it, but Hardy, who had never been very popular, staked what reputation he had. There was also George Gissing who, with his eternal bad luck, got no credit with young or old, or even now with Dr. Farmer;

¹ I don't think Wilde wrote for *The Yellow Book*. Lane was terrified of Wilde—afraid of him personally and afraid of his reputation.

and yet he had perhaps more courage than all the others, for with almost every novel he produced he risked his livelihood.

Most of the young men of the time shewed great eagerness to be gathered under the protecting shadow of Henry James, or Hardy, or Meredith, but not, so far as I ever heard, of Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Though if all were said——Pater they were agreed upon: both the Lane-Yellow-book sect and the Savoy sect would gladly have battled under his flag. But Pater was far too timid to battle; he deprecated even the praises of the young men, who, he thought, misunderstood him and might compromise him. Many of the young artists of that time came from middle-class, and in some cases, Nonconformist families; that meant more than it does to-day, and in their audacities they felt they were violating all their inherited notions of right and wrong. This is as good a reason as the reason given by Dr. Farmer and some others—the imitation of Baudelaire and Verlaine—why the sense of sin is so apparent in much of their work. There were a few whom no threats could modify or extinguish. Beardsley, the one genius it has ever been my lot to know, whose loss even after all this time leaves me still unconsolable, was splendidly courageous: not all the tremblings of Lane or the threats of the newspapers could make him bend. As Dr. Farmer mentions, it was not unfrequent at that time for really big newspapers with all their responsibility to demand that Symons or Beardsley or Crackanthorpe should be put in gaol. The *Yorkshire Post*, reviewing a book of tales by myself which Smithers had published with a frontispiece by Beardsley, began with the words, "This book is what we call offal in Yorkshire," and ended by suggesting that author and publisher should be prosecuted.

Wilde too was bold, but his boldness had not the merit of that of Beardsley or Symons, for his reputation was made as a man out to shock the British public, and up to a certain point in his career what he said was not taken as anything to get angry about, except by very stupid men like Clement Scott. This unwillingness of the public to take him seriously might have carried Wilde as far as it has Bernard Shaw, had all been equal! That is Dr. Farmer's opinion. As he knows the period much better than M. Lemonnier he can see all round the subject and has a better light. For Lemonnier, Wilde is little more than Beau Brummel with a minor literary talent added; he conceives him

as a mere amuser gifted with boundless audacity and push, and more than once he seems astonished at Wilde's success. Dr. Farmer has not only read books about Wilde, but he has read Wilde, and has his writings at his fingers' ends. He does not hesitate to compare Wilde as a personality to Byron. As a writer he considers him one of the significant figures of European literature, and this he thinks will be freely acknowledged when the prejudice which still exists against Wilde, especially in English-language countries, has died out. His account of Wilde's life is substantially correct, and he does not, like Lemonnier, forget Mrs. Langtry. But none of these people who write about Wilde will take the trouble to read her memoirs, a most entertaining book, which gives an extraordinary portrait, made by a clever worldly woman of not much intelligence, of Wilde's early years in London. She evidently considered Oscar at the time as of no importance, coming into her life as he did between her friendship with the Prince of Wales and various fashionable people; and if his posthumous fame had not taken her by surprise she would doubtless have said little or nothing about him. Had Dr. Farmer read her book he would not have described Mrs. Langtry as a "queen of the stage" when Wilde made her acquaintance. She says herself that it was Wilde who urged her to go on the stage when she lost, in some way she does not clearly explain, her income. Whatever she may have thought of him, long after he had ceased to see her Wilde used to speak to me and to others with affection and pleasure of "Lily," as he called her; and this was the more meritorious because he must have heard, as I did, from Robert Ross, that in his misfortune she took a very unfriendly position and pretended that she had hardly known him. She was too clever, and had too keen a sense of social values, whether of poets, or princes, or French dressmakers and *chefs*, to keep this up after Wilde's death.

George Moore is placed by the learned Doctor on a far lower level than Wilde. He esteems that Moore's importance to the Nineties came from his knowledge of modern French literature. This may be in part true, for Beardsley once spoke to me about his joy when he first got hold of "Impressions and Opinions" and found in it "just the things one wanted to know about." Dr. Farmer leaves hardly any part of Moore's novels standing; with deadly precision he traces them back to their sources. In

some places the resemblance is certainly very close, but there is always something in Moore's novels which is his own, and they and the "Confessions of a Young Man" supplied the atmosphere which the young were in search of. What interfered with Moore's influence was his awkward personal character; Symons was able to get on with him, and, no doubt, W. B. Yeats, who apparently forgave even the *Ulick Dean* of "Evelyn Innes"; but all the others resented or derided him according as to whether he struck them as offensive or funny. Stories, invented or true, were put about concerning him, such as the one which related how he rushed up to Andrew Lang shouting, "*Do you know Hamlet? Isn't it the most extra-o-o-ordinary——*" "*Hamlet? What's that?*" said Lang calmly.

Dr. Farmer's account of George Moore is the pleasantest chapter in his book. His dull toneless style brightens up, and his mania for running down every allusion to its extreme source, taking no account of the truth, howbeit so necessary to be kept in mind in the history of the English "Decadents," that it is not the suggestion which counts but the way the suggestion is used, is here justified and kept well in hand. He has unearthed books of the Master long excluded from the canon, among them a book of poetry called "*Flowers of Passion.*" Though pressed for space here, it were unpardonable to deprive George Moore's admirers of the following stanza:—

Believe me, Annie,
'Tis want of money
That forces us apart;
It is not any
Capriciousness of heart;
Pity me, Annie.

But the Doctor fails to remark that here again Moore was a precursor: these lines are the very stuff of the sentimental ditties so much in favour all over the world to-day.

As for Symons, he is given as the leader of the movement by Dr. Farmer, who represents him as a figure who gathered about him many others at his devotion. To do this would have taken another kind of man than Arthur Symons. The influence of Symons was slight, even if it existed at all; but he was more the Professional Writer than most of the others, had more resolution, was more determined to get on. As he had made

against opposition and many difficulties some openings for himself in the weekly press and magazines, he came to be regarded as the spokesman of a number of men who never considered him as their spokesman. Thus, though he was perhaps the only Decadent in London, he has managed, as Dr. Farmer's book shews, to pass into history as the leader of a definite movement called Decadent. "Decadence is here (*i.e.* in *The Savoy*) in the foreground," writes Dr. Farmer, "and few are those who escape its influence. It displays itself in the realistic Tales of Hubert Crackanthorpe and of Frederick Wedmore, and it is present in the admirable defences of realism signed by Vincent O'Sullivan and Havelock Ellis." W. B. Yeats too he regards as a Decadent up to the moment of the development of the Irish renaissance. There is something rather arbitrary in all this, and Dr. Farmer himself perceives that it was Yeats who influenced Symons rather than the other way. But one can fully agree with the Doctor when, after pulling Symons' poems to pieces according to his usual method of criticism and analyzing them till there seems to be nothing left, he concludes that Symons is an astonishing artist, one of the finest of latter-day England.

That for which Dr. Farmer most of all deserves praise is his insight. Of Hubert Crackanthorpe he speaks in the highest terms, thus avenging this perfect writer of the naturalistic kind of story for the obtuse and patronising comments which Sir William Rothenstein, the painter, has seen fit to print in his rather glossy memoirs. Perhaps Rothenstein has an uneasy feeling that his work lacks two qualities which Crackanthorpe's work indisputably has—conviction and disinterestedness. So it is not surprising that Rothenstein has had a certain kind of mercantile success, while poor Crackanthorpe, baffled in his craving for the absolute by the prevailing vulgar and mediocre ideals, sent his young body afloat down Seine this many a year

"Like a god self-slain on his own strange altar."

Of Leonard Smithers, the publisher, Dr. Farmer also speaks well. He observes with common-sense that if Smithers was the cheap-jack and shady exploiter he has been represented, it is rather surprising that he should have staked his all in publishing the work of young and unpopular writers and artists which on other publisher in London would look at. If Beardsley had lived

he would surely have defended the memory of Smithers whom he liked, as I did myself. Smithers started *The Savoy* chiefly to give Beardsley a chance, without much hope of making money out of it. The Press, as Dr. Farmer remarks, was anything but favourable to the enterprise,—in fact, it was scurrilous beyond the bounds of any conception of decency; but Smithers never turned a hair, though he was raising money on his furniture to keep *The Savoy* going. Its cessation was another blow to Beardsley whom the squalid brutes in Fleet Street pursued with implacable venom and who found really little support or encouragement anywhere. Perhaps all that hastened his end. What *The Savoy* meant to him was revealed to me rather strangely one evening when we were dining together in the Restaurant Foyot. That was in those years a good restaurant, and very quiet in the evenings, and we were by ourselves but for a drowsy waiter, when the door opened and a little old woman came in and sat down at a table facing us. She was dressed something in the style of 1850. Out of a huge reticule she drew a snuff-box, took a pinch of snuff, and then set herself to examining a bundle of papers by the aid of a candle in a silver candle-stick which she had told the waiter to set on the table. Beardsley could not keep his eyes away from her; he said she had come walking out of a book by Balzac. "Now if *The Savoy* were going," he added wistfully, "there would be a picture."

Let it be remembered to the honour of Leonard Smithers that he did all he could to aid and encourage Beardsley, unlike his fellow-publisher, Lane, who made the difficult life of the young genius more difficult still. And then Lane reaped the benefit—not Smithers.

Dr. Farmer's book is an excellent account of the period taken altogether, but it contains some errors and omissions which may be rapidly noted.

1. His discussion of Beardsley's art in its last phase is rendered almost valueless because he has evidently never seen the *Volpone*. This book was published by Smithers with a Preface by me.

2. In his list of the works of the artist, William Horton, he omits the pictures for Poe's "Raven" and "The Pit and the Pendulum." This book was likewise published by Smithers and likewise had a Preface by me.

3. At the end of his volume, Dr. Farmer gives a list of authors and painters and their works, for which he claims that it includes all who *approached near or far* or were involved in any way in the "Decadent" movement. He omits the best book of the "Keynote" Series: Stanley V. MacKower's "The Mirror of Music." He speaks slightly of Ernest Radford, judging him from his contribution to the Rhymer's Club, and omits Radford's volume, "Chambers Twain," one of the best books of verse of the time. He might also have mentioned the poet Barlas, a friend of Davidson's, who wrote under the name of Evelyn Douglas. Three books of mine were published by Leonard Smithers, and one of them had a frontispiece and another a cover by Beardsley. All these the Doctor and his satellites have carefully omitted, as have been omitted my Smithers' editions of "Volpone" and "The Raven." Worst of all, the Doctor omits all mention of Mrs. Craigie, whose first books, signed "John Oliver Hobbes," may be taken as the very quintessence of the Nineties—as representative in their way as Beardsley's *Yellow-Book* and *Salome* phase. I have never ceased to deplore the scandalously unfair lot of this woman, remarkable in all respects, who died early, and is equally neglected in the country where she was born and in the country where she preferred to live.

The Doctor would do well to note that a few people excluded by Harland and Lane from *The Yellow Book* were not necessarily inferior or out of the tone of the Nineties. Charles Brookfield's "The Twilight of Love" is one of the best books of stories of that time. If I remember right, he told me that Harland or Lane found one of the stories too steep for their publication—into which, moreover, Brookfield had little desire to enter. In his summing up, the Doctor states that the Nineties movement "brought the nation to the sane conception of art which it has to-day." But is that true? The people who read Stevenson and Andrew Lang knew what writing is as well as the people who read Edgar Wallace. To-day people are freer to write about what they please, but look how most of them write it! Who is the best writer of English to-day? I should say Hilaire Belloc, and he dates from the Nineties. "In all domains," writes Dr. Farmer, "a calculated art has replaced the instinctive

art of which Ruskin was the apostle." But Ruskin was not the apostle of anything of the kind, and the Doctor would do well to consult Proust's version of "The Bible of Amiens." Instinctive art, indeed, may be said to have developed in the last ten years, illustrated by the Sur-realists, with perhaps its base in the philosophy of Bergson.

The foregoing restrictions and comments are not introduced with the purpose of belittling Dr. Farmer's book, which remains a history of great value, and as a whole remarkably accurate. Still, he would do well to take heed of them for the English edition he is preparing, and at the same time to revise the fantastic biography he supplies of Arthur Symons which runs thus:—

"Born in Wales of a Cornish family, Arthur Symons studied at Oxford. He was elected Fellow of Brasenose College where Pater was teaching, and yielded to the charm of that retiring personality. And he was thoroughly possessed by the precepts and example of the Master when he came to London in 1889 intending to pursue a literary career. At Oxford he had collaborated in an edition of Shakespeare, and this work, together with the favourable reception of a book on Browning and a volume of poetry, 'Days and Nights,' caused him to be welcomed as a contributor to the leading magazines and periodicals."

The only thing is that Symons was never at Oxford except as a tourist. He had no more and no less to do with Oxford than Rothenstein who went there to draw pictures of Heads of Colleges and people like that—what an undergraduate of the period called "obscurities." Furthermore, Symons was not a *friend* of Pater, except in the loosest sense of the word; his meetings with Pater were not very frequent or very prolonged. Symons knew Pater as the young men who went to Mallarmé's Thursday evenings knew Mallarmé—that is to say, they would never have dared to go and see Mallarmé at any other time. As Symons got free, found himself, and struck his characteristic note, Pater denied him, as he had denied Wilde, as he was prepared to deny anybody who looked like creating a scandal. Nor had Symons from the beginning the important position with editors which Dr. Farmer imagines. It was only after a long struggle and many rebuffs that he could count on seeing an article he had

sent in printed. The daily Press was *never* open to him. Symons' life as it really was in his young days,—a struggle, without any real friends, but with high-spirits that no disaster could quench, courage that no menaces could daunt, unshakeable belief in himself, is indeed worthy of admiration, and much more than the version of it which Dr. Farmer presents.

There was a little magazine of the time, in its way representative, which it might repay searchers like Dr. Farmer to explore. It was called *The Senate*, and was edited and financed by a very young man just down from Cambridge, and it bore the marks of his distracted sympathies. Symons contributed to it, and, I think Dowson and W. B. Yeats, the two Cranmer-Byngs (the editor and his brother), and also myself. But there were alongside some heavy elderly men whom Byng had picked up somehow and who were bent on giving their opinion on "The Secret of our Foreign Policy" or "Our Trade with Madagascar"; and so, side by side with Symons' Noras dancing on the midnight pavement, you had a three-decker article entitled, "Is the Bank-Rate what it Should be?" The two Byngs who, unlike most of the Yellow-Bookites, had a strong sense of humour, regarded the whole thing as a huge joke, and one day they defied me, who was the shocker of the affair, to write a story which would explode all their subscribers. I accepted; and the story, called "The Monkey and Basil Holderness," had certainly the desired effect. There was a general banging of doors. The Rural Dean who contributed nice little essays on the minor morals and found it was all rather amusing to be with those "advanced young fellows," discovered that he had advanced far enough. "You will choose between the author of that story and me," he said to Byng. Some lady-poets also deprived *The Senate* from that day forth of their effusions. One of them came personally, flanked by her mother, to demand an explanation. The publisher, who published brochures on science and health, also kicked; and I believe I was put overboard. But this did not interfere with my friendship with the Byngs, and the three of us used to sit in Byng's rooms in Duke Street, St. James', and read aloud the letters of protest. "If I were asked, my dear Byng, to point out the bright side of your magazine, I should find it in such solid articles as 'Is Mr. Balfour destroying Manchester's Cotton Trade,' and the dark side decidedly in the morbid and unhealthy

stories of the man Vincent O'Sullivan which shock every moral sense and which no English gentleman could write." "English Gentleman" was a great missile in the vituperation of that time.

Verlaine, guided by Symons, had found his way to *The Senate*, and published in it some poems and articles which I saw but refrained from reading. The only historical mention of *The Senate* I have ever seen came from an editor of Verlaine who stated a few years ago that he had sought vainly for information as to Verlaine's relations with that magazine.

At the time of Verlaine's funeral I was delegated by *The Senate* (that is, by Byng and his brother who were in London) to represent our important publication. Accordingly, I supplied a huge and expensive mortuary wreath to which the florist by my orders attached a purple streamer bearing in letters of gold the simple word : "Senate." This wreath was prominently displayed and had an immense effect in the poor street. The people, who don't hold much to spelling, thought it was a tribute from the legislative body, and were astonished to see a memorial from the Senators to a man who lived poorer and worse than themselves. At the cemetery, it caught the eye of Francois Coppée. "Le Sénat ?" I heard him say doubtfully to Barrès. "Je crois que c'est une revue Anglaise," replied Barrès, who had, perhaps, got the information from Stuart Merrill. "Ah, yes," said Coppée, relieved. "Verlaine had many English friends."

For all its articles on "England at the Cross-Roads" and "Does Lord Rosebery know where he is going?" *The Senate* was really young and sometimes gay, whereas *The Yellow Book* and *The Savoy* were neither.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus.

A STUDENT'S MANUAL OF BIBLIOGRAPHY. By Arundell Esdaile. (London : George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net).

To the man in the street the word bibliography has a forbidding, not to say ominous, sound. It gives him an impression of a strange craft with secret symbols and cabalistic rites. As a matter of fact, it is so simple that to describe it as "the study of book-building and the recording of books" might very well serve as a definition.

Some knowledge, at least, of these things is to be expected from the owner of even the smallest library, and for an introduction to the subject I can cordially recommend Professor Esdaile's manual. Although primarily written as a guide for young librarians, its 383 pages contain so much information, epitomised in a masterly manner, that very few even amongst adult curators of books will lay it down without feeling that they have a better grip of the business in hand. The general reader too will soon lose any idea he may have had that bibliography is confined to a knowledge of title-pages and will soon realise that there is an intimate relationship between the examination of books as books and the study of books as literature.

The author has excellent chapters on every branch of book manufacture and its history. He starts at the beginning of things and leads us from the dimness of the papyrus era to the stout paper of the first incunables, finishing with the Japanese vellum and "art" papers of our own day (at the end of the book, by the way, are bound in, most usefully, seven specimens of modern paper). The chapter on "Landmarks in the History of Printing," the longest in the book, is a scholarly essay on the development of that art. Other important chapters deal with the collation of books and the various classes of bibliographies and their arrangement.

There are some excellent illustrations and at the end there are a number of useful examination papers for students. One may safely surmise that the young aspirant to librarianship who has mastered the contents of Professor Esdaile's book sufficiently well to score, say, seventy-five points out of a possible hundred will be able to start on his task with a very sound equipment. I strongly recommend this book to all who are interested in library work in Ireland.

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VICTORIAN WRITERS AND THEIR BIBLIOGRAPHIES. Wilkie Collins, Le Fanu and Others. By S. M. Ellis. (Constable: 18s. net).

This book has strayed, somewhat by accident, into the bibliographical section of the Magazine. Yet, as I hope to show in a moment, it may not be so much out of place after all.

Mr. Ellis has been engaged in a very interesting tour of re-discovery. Names, once great in their day, had become dim in the Victorian twilight, but the very appearance of a book such as this is enough to prove that they had the stuff of

permanence in them. A few of them, it is true, were known to the modern reading public by virtue of one or two books. The majority know, or know of, *The Woman in White*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, and *Lorna Doone*. A lesser number may have read *The House by the Churchyard* or *Uncle Silas*. But how many present-day readers could quote even the name of another novel by Blackmore or Collins, and how many of them are aware of even the name of Mrs. Riddell, the author of fifty-six books, many of them first-rate stories of their kind?

It will be recognised, then, that Mr. Ellis has been busy upon a task that needed doing. His studies, he tells us "are personal rather than critical, and seek to show the influences of heredity, early environment, scenery, places of residence, and actual experiences upon the writers' literary work." Yet criticism does creep in, and based as it obviously is on a very thorough knowledge of the period, seldom fails to be illuminating. The net effect is to place the various writers concerned very clearly in relation to their time and contemporaries and thus to assist very considerably in defining their place in literature. In the instances of Wilkie Collins and R. D. Blackmore this is done very successfully. Mr. Ellis's sympathies are obviously engaged and the dash of honest sentimentality which appears now and then adds to rather than detracts from the merit of these essays. With Le Fanu he is not altogether so happy, though he is fully aware of that amazingly versatile author's power and genius, and his sketch should go far towards reviving a reputation which has always been high in the eyes of the discerning few. But it is when he discusses the Ireland of Le Fanu's early days and the character of the "natives" that he displays a naïveté which would argue that he has read his Lever and Lover to too good a purpose.

And now for the bibliographical aspect of the book. In the case of Wilkie Collins nothing was necessary, for his bibliography had already been done by Mr. Michael Sadleir (in *Excursions in Victorian Bibliography*) and the reader is referred to that book. But full lists are given of the books of Blackmore, Le Fanu, Charles Collins, Mortimer Collins, Edward Bradley and Mrs. Riddell. Collectors will be grateful for the Blackmore list—which is surprisingly large—and as Mr. Ellis has had the assistance of the Blackmore family its accuracy is hardly in doubt. There is one slight error, however. He would appear to indicate that the first one-volume edition of *Lorna Doone* did not appear until 1872, whereas there is a copy before me as I write (marked "Fourth Edition" on the title) which bears the date 1871.

The bibliography of Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu will probably be found the most interesting by Irish collectors, many of whom are now taking an interest in this writer of the weird and macabre. Mr. Ellis gives details of nineteen books, the only published work which has escaped him being *The Poem of Shamus O'Brien*, a pamphlet which was published by John Heywood in Manchester in 1867—a notable year in the history of Ireland and Manchester. This must be a very scarce little item. Of the others, I notice that he describes the binding of the first novel, *The Cock and the Anchor*, published in Dublin in 1845, as "boards." This is probably correct, although Mr. Michael Sadleir possesses a copy (which may be unique) in cloth. This, however, was almost certainly a "special" binding. The binding of *The House by the Churchyard* is also likely to present a problem. Part of the edition was bound in Dublin (where the book was printed before Tinsley, the London publisher, had agreed to accept it) but so badly that the author got it rebound in London. It would be very interesting to know if any copies have survived in the earlier binding.

With regard to the other bibliographies I have not enough special knowledge to pass any comment. I cannot however refrain from congratulating Mr. Ellis on the patience and thoroughness which must have gone to the compiling of the list of fifty-six books by Mrs. Riddell, the earliest of which was published "about 1855" and the last in 1902!

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MODERN FIRST EDITIONS.

The twentieth list of Mr. Bertam Rota, the modern first edition specialist (of Davies Street, London, W. 1) has reached me too late for more than the briefest notice. It strikes one immediately that the prices of modern "Firsts" can never go much lower than the astonishingly low figures at which they are quoted here.

We have, for instance, A. E.'s great book of essays, *Imaginations and Reveries*, 1915, offered for 5s.; James Stephens' Five Poems, 1911, 10s.; an early Cuala Press item *Poetry and Ireland*, by W. B. Yeats and Lionel Johnson, 1908, 10s. (surely a "giving-away" price!). For those who are interested in present-day authors, this would seem to be the golden moment for stocking shelves.

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THE HENRY BRADSHAW CENTENARY.

Henry Bradshaw was not only a great librarian; he was also a pioneer in the realm of bibliography. It was a happy thought on the part of the Irish Bibliographical Society to invite Dr. Crone to deliver a Centenary Lecture, and the occasion will remain a memorable one in the annals of the Society. The lecture, a brilliant and sympathetic study has now been reprinted (at the Sign of the Three Candles) together with the eloquent tribute of Dr. Best which followed it. It will be prized by all those—and their name is legion—who treasure the memory of a great Irishman.

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IRISH BOOKS.

In recent years catalogues have been issued at such rare intervals by Dublin Booksellers that the arrival of two almost simultaneously is a welcome event.

I have always been convinced that there are as many potential collectors in Ireland, in proportion to its size, as in any other country, and that it only needed the stimulant of an attractive book-list to bring them into the open.

Such a stimulant would appear to be provided in the *Irish Literary Bulletin*, No. 1, which has just been issued by the old-established firm of Hodges, Figgis & Co., of Nassau Street. It brings together a short but highly interesting catalogue of books and pamphlets relating to Ireland, all published in the 17th Century, and many of great rarity.

Here, for example are the first two editions of Barnabe Rich's *New Description of Ireland*, the first printed for Thomas Adams in London in 1610 and the second, enlarged and amplified, by Francis Constable in 1624. For these genuinely scarce books the prices asked are £42 and £35 respectively. Here, too, are Thomas Carew's *Itinerarium*, 1639-41 (£10 10s.); Francis Porter's *Compendium Annalium Ecclesiasticorum Regni Hiberniae*, Rome, 1690, (£25); and Sir John Davies' *Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never Subdued*, 1613 (£8 8s.).

All these are books for scholars and collectors. They are books which no representative Irish Library can afford to be without. They are in nearly all cases excessively rare and therefore necessarily expensive. Many Collectors in Ireland have not yet realised that a really rare and desirable book (the two things do not always go together!) is a very precious thing and it is tragic to think of the many treasures—some of them unique and beyond price—which have been allowed to leave the country in recent years, to the everlasting detriment of our libraries at home.

Mr. Figgis is to be congratulated on his courage in bringing out this interesting list. The only fault I have to find with it is that, by what I am sure was an unintentional slip, he uses the offensive phrase "Romish Clergy" in his footnote to a description of Peter Walshe's *History of the Irish Remonstrance*.

In direct contrast to Mr. Figgis's Catalogue is that of Mr. Fred Hanna, of Nassau Street. Here we have over nineteen hundred items, mostly books which will appeal to the general reader rather than to the collector. History, archæology, poetry, fiction and politics are all represented and Mr. Hanna's prices will hardly be deemed excessive. The historical section is particularly strong and there is an unusually good supply of the various local histories. But the collector of first editions will find something of interest here too, and I have no doubt that Mr. Yeats's early pseudonymous novel *John Sherman and Dhoya*, which is offered at five shillings, has already been snapped up. Other interesting items at bargain prices are James Stephen's *A Poetry Recital*, described as a mint copy and offered at Seven-and-sixpence; L.A.G. Strong's first book, *Dublin Days* (2s.); and Standish O'Grady's *Ulrick the Unready*, an autographed copy (7s. 6d.).

BOOK REVIEWS

SYNGE AND IRISH LITERATURE.

SYNGE AND ANGLO-IRISH LITERATURE. By Daniel Corkery, M.A. Cork University Press. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Corkery's book falls for consideration into two divisions, into what he has to say about the work of Synge, and into his theorems and conclusions about Irish literature in English, or "Anglo-Irish" literature, as he prefers to call it. Other commentators have written about Anglo-Irish literature, with the difference that they were using Anglo-Irish as an identifying label rather than as a definition. Mr. Corkery however, going beyond Ernest Boyd and Thomas MacDonagh, uses it as a definition. For him Anglo-Irish literature is not Irish at all—curiously enough, save Synge. And Synge is admitted to be Irish merely for use as a stick to beat all the rest, from Maria Edgeworth to Mr. Yeats. To most people the phrase Anglo-Irish literature means Irish literature written in English. To Mr. Corkery it means English literature written in an Irish dialect of English. This would be understandable and consistent if his position were that Irish literature can be written only in the Irish language. But it is not. His position is that it is not language but material that matters. Synge's material, in some unknown way, is better than that of Mr. Yeats, and therefore Synge is "a portent" while Mr. Yeats is a minor English poet. Maybe it serves Mr. Yeats right for forcing Synge on the literary world as a genius.

I will come later on to Mr. Corkery's general theory about Irish literature, but it will be convenient first to get Synge out of the way. Mr. Corkery attempts, twenty-five years after the hurly-burly, a re-valuation of Synge, and many of his conclusions will not be quarrelled with by anybody, even though few people will arrive at them in precisely the same way. The amazing thing, considering his bias and his impatience, is that he puts Synge so high, higher for instance than I would. He finds *Riders to the Sea* "almost perfect," *The Well of the Saints* "the most Irish of all he wrote," *Deirdre of the Sorrows* "a ripened artistry," defends *In the Shadow of the Glen*, mildly rebukes *The Tinker's Wedding*, says pleasant generalities about *Poems and Translations*, and has a high opinion of the Aran and Wicklow essays—"Sometimes I have the idea that the book on the Aran Islands will outlive all else that came from Synge's pen." Even for *The Playboy* he has only very mild reproof.

Mr. Corkery is under the very great disadvantage, in dealing with Synge, of starting out with a theory. His theory is that Synge is the only "Ascendancy" writer who became a Nationalist (culturally, not politically), that he lived with the people, put himself *en rapport* with their consciousness, and that his writings are the result of that. Having adopted that theory to start with he must necessarily make the best of his exemplar and belabour all the other "Ascendancy" writers, which he does. He tells us that the Irish language was the key to it all. But in Synge's case it does not seem to have been the key. He learned Irish at Trinity. Mr. Corkery, in chronicling that, permits himself a cheap sneer at Trinity. But he utterly fails to realise the significance of it to his own argument. Synge learned Irish, and so little did that fact open up his consciousness to Ireland, so little did it move him, that he promptly left Ireland and became what, in other people, arouses Mr. Corkery's contempt "an expatriate." He went to the Continent to study music, just as Goldsmith went there to play music. And he stayed there, wasting his time on music, and reading French poetry,

until Mr. Yeats said to him "Give up Paris, you will never create anything by reading Racine, and Arthur Symons will always be a better critic of French literature. Go to the Aran Islands. Live there as if you were one of the people themselves, express a life that has never found expression." Mr. Corkery quotes this, but is so engrossed with his theory that he misses the significance of it. Synge went, and he found in Aran what he had been looking for, material suitable to his peculiar gift and temperament.

Synge was a dark, silent, shy, sensitive, solitary, and brooding spirit. He was aloof and abnormal, with an affinity for the vagrant and the primitive. He found in Aran and in Wicklow the material which freed his impulse to write, and the fact which makes his writing so much better than others is the fact that he had a better intellect. To read Mr. Corkery, one would imagine that material and —isms were the things that made a writer.

In *Riders to the Sea* Synge was handling a theme which is at once simple and universal and the natural mould of which restrained and disciplined his exuberance and his riotousness, and it is the only work of his where these qualities of his are disciplined. It is easily first in his writings. *The Well of the Saints*, I agree with Mr. Corkery, is his next best writing. There is more of the abnormal Synge in it and it is by that more a lesser piece of writing. Parts of it are undisciplined, exuberant and riotous. Of *The Tinker's Wedding* there is nothing whatever to be said, nor of the *Poems and Translations*. In *The Shadow of the Glen* is a tragedy turned into a comedy difficult to accept. Daniel Burke is real, but neither Nora nor Michael Dara nor the tramp is—with their mists and their mountain ewes and Patch Darcy. A play might have been made of it if the tragedy of the original story had been kept. *Deirdre of the Sorrows* seems to me to be, on the whole, a failure. It is not that there is not vigour in it, and force, but that Synge's language and treatment do not suit the theme. *Deirdre* is a heroic tragedy and should be told either in poetry or in heroical prose. Mr. Synge has made of the characters modern men and women.

Now look at *The Playboy*. His fame as a world dramatist Synge owes altogether to it, or rather to the accident that it caused a riot and a controversy. *Riders to the Sea* and *The Well of the Saints* made no noise amongst the critics, but the row's the thing, and those who made the disturbance at the first performances made Synge famous. *The Playboy* holds the boards as an extravagant comedy, and Mr. Corkery's chiding of one or two expressions in it is very mild. No critic now would defend it as a serious play. But it must be remembered that Synge wrote it in order to shock the sensibilities of the Irish people, or at the best deliberately put in things for this purpose, and that at its first performances Christy Mahon was played by W. G. Fay as a moral degenerate, by the express directions of the author. Later productions, with Fred O'Donovan as *Christy*, turned it into the rollicking extravagant comedy we know. The truth about the *Playboy* is that Synge wrote it while he was smarting at the coldness with which *The Well of the Saints* was received, and that when he was rehearsing the play his comment was "Now I've got something to shock them" [I have this on the authority of the late Frank Fay. And indeed it is much to be desired that W. G. Fay should put down somewhere his recollections of this and other things]. Not that there is not good stuff in the play. There is. Christy and Pegeen, seriously treated, would have made a good play, but the *Widow Quins* and the *Shawneen Keoghs* are perilously like caricatures.

PETTY'S SURVEY OF IRELAND.*

This is an important book and a stiff book, indeed it consists of two large books and a small one. For its purpose we must go back to the Irish "Rebellion" which broke out on October 22, 1641. On hearing of it the English Parliament voted stern measures of repression but had neither money nor soldiers, till early next year certain London financiers called "Adventurers" offered to pay the costs of an army, their advances to be repaid in confiscated Irish lands. This was put into legal form by an Act "for the speedy reducing of the rebels in Ireland," approved reluctantly by the King on February 24, 1642. Two and a half million acres were declared forfeit and "hypothecated" (to use a modern word) for the repayment of the speculators. But in about six months the Long Parliament itself became a rebel body and the final conquest of Ireland had to be deferred for ten years. The scheme of 1641 however went on; money came in slowly; and finally in November, 1647, the lists of the Adventurers were closed. In all the operation had produced £360,000 in the money of the time and about a million acres in Munster and Leinster were pledged to satisfy the lenders. It was in their interests, among other things, that Oliver Cromwell, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the Commonwealth, came over on his famous campaign of 1649 and that Ireton and Fleetwood finished off the job. "It was the liquidating of an unsuccessful financial operation," says Dr. Goblet.

Then followed, in 1652-3, the so-called "Cromwellian Settlement." Actually Oliver was not supreme as Protector till 1653. The whole business was based on the Act of February, 1642, and the amplifications of it. So far there was nothing that entailed transportation and transplantation. Confiscation on a large scale followed every Irish "rebellion" and had, of course, been intended from the first in this. But the Adventurers could easily have been put in possession of their shares, a comparatively small part of Ireland. But from the Adventurer part of it, the scheme grew into a crime against a whole nation. Ireland being conquered why not suppress it for ever? Famous for all sort of fertility, why not give it like a Promised Land to the Army of the Saints? For that, a clearance of the Amalekites or at least of all their upper class was essential. The Amalekites adventurers might be a base easily-satisfied race of speculators but the Roundhead Army which had conquered Ireland was a bigger proposition for the Commissioners, Ludlow, Corbett, Jones and Weaver, who now governed Ireland. The surviving armies of the Irish had begun to surrender singly on various terms. These were generally too lenient for the "Kilkenny Officers" of the Cromwellian forces, who hoped to get their reward in Irish land, and they got the Revd. Dr. Henry Jones Scoutmaster-General to the Army of the Commonwealth in Ireland, to report to Parliament on the "Massacres" of 1641 in such colours as to screw up English anti-Popery feeling to the sticking-point of no mercy. Dunlop ("Ireland under the Commonwealth") says that the Rebellion, not the "Massacre," was the original justification of the Settlement, but propaganda about massacres was necessary to give the treatment of the Irish a moral flavour. So the Long Parliament passed the Act of August, 1652,

* La Transformation de la Géographie Politique de l'Irlande au XVII^e siècle; par Y.M. Goblet (Berger-Levrault, Paris, 1930). 3 vols.

which set up a High Court of Justice in Dublin to try the Irish accused of massacre and murder. Some 80,000 were adjudged guilty but only fifty-two were executed, for while the Parliament treated as murderers the Irish who rebelled before the formation of the Confederation of Kilkenny, it treated as belligerents those who had joined the Confederates. The Act reserved to the Government the power to transport wherever it seemed good for public safety the Irish who had obtained special conditions, otherwise holding these conditions valid. A general amnesty was accorded to all of the Irish whose goods did not exceed £10 in value. The rest were soon to suffer a remarkable fate. Transplantation to Connacht or elsewhere was not mentioned in this Act, but the army officers were already threatening to occupy the lands they claimed for the services of themselves and their men. This is what turned the whole scheme into the "Cromwellian Settlement." Harrison, author of "Oceana," suggested a Puritan land-settlement of Ireland. The scheme appealed to Cromwell, and as he was in the years 1653-58 Lord Protector of England it gets his name. A "colony-Ireland" was, says Dr. Goblet, to replace the "nation-Ireland."

"Irish Papist" was the Cromwellian description of the majority of Irish landowners, who included not only old Irish and old English but many more recent settlers. It was resolved to expel them beyond the Shannon into an "Irish Pale." In January, 1653, those whom the Act of 1652 had spared were ordered to transport themselves into the portions of land allotted to them in Connacht or Clare before May 1, 1654, otherwise they should be treated as spies and enemies.

There were now Adventurers and soldiers to be satisfied. The claims of the Adventurers came first and on June 1, 1653, was set up in London the famous "Committee of Grocers' Hall" to establish them in their rights. Then came the claims of the soldiers. The debt to them was £1,750,000 odd and the forfeited lands of Ireland, turned into cash, would not meet this huge sum. So finally by an Act of the Little Parliament in September 26, 1653, "for the speedy satisfaction of the Adventurers for lands in Ireland and for the arrears due to the soldiery there" eleven of the richest counties were set apart to satisfy the moneyed men and the troopers. By later Declarations more and more land was taken over until, as everybody knows, an Irish Pale was formed out of Clare, Galway, Roscommon and some portions of Mayo and Sligo. Here alone might "Irish Papists" own land.

Opinions differ as to what was originally intended by Transportation. Dunlop thinks that a general removal of all Irish Catholics west of the Shannon was intended, so that the other three provinces would have been completely peopled with English. But the old Protestant proprietors who were spared and the officers of the disbanded Cromwellian troops, being put in possession of their lots, alike petitioned for leave to retain Irish tenants, servants, ploughmen, etc., for the necessary farm work, and the Government gave way. The chief ruin fell on the propertied classes of the Irish, merchants and landlords, and a tragic procession of the proudest names of Ireland across the Shannon began. The date after which none of the classes specially named must not be found east of the Shannon was finally extended to March, 1655, but this part of the scheme was pushed through, and by May, 1659, every Irish Adventurer had been settled on his lot.

This admirable result, achieved amid general chaos, was the work of Sir William Petty, who had arrived in 1652 as physician to the staff of the Lieutenant-General. A Civil Survey of Ireland entrusted to one Worsley in 1652 was a failure, and the offer of Petty to undertake a new one was accepted by the Council of State in November, 1654.

So much for the Cromwellian Settlement. Of course it was not a settlement in the long run, but it had enormous and permanent effects on Irish history. It planted a new race of landlords upon Ireland, the Adventurers and Cromwellian officers, from whom and a detestable land-system great evils were to come. But as a colony on the Roman scale or an extermination *en masse* on the Old Testament scale it was a failure. The soldiers who were to be planted on the soil in regiments to the number of 30,000, in general refused, sold their debentures for a song, went back to England, or married Irish wives and turned Irish. Thousands of them, of course, remained and stayed English, but nowhere so strong as to make a complete colony like the Scots of Antrim and Down. The ownership of Ireland changed but the people remained. In his Treatise on Ireland Petty reckoned the Irish had at the beginning in 1640 five million acres of profitable land (being equal to eight million English acres) with three million more of unprofitable acres out of some twenty million English acres which Ireland contains. By 1653 eleven million English acres had been confiscated of which over seven millions were profitable land. But according to his estimation, in 1672, out of the 1,100,000 people who inhabited Ireland, eight hundred thousand were "Papists"; they had lost most of the seats of power, but the future was destined to be with the majority, though the War of 1689-91 brought them lower still.

Most of us have vaguely heard of Petty's "Down Survey," but not all know the significance of the word "Down." It has nothing to do with the county of that name. No, it was because its topographical details were laid "down" by local measurement on maps.

To emphasise the merit of Petty's work, Dr. Goblet tells us a good deal about previous map-making and surveying of Ireland. Goghe's map in 1567 was the first modern one. Then followed Boazio in 1575 (which we can see reproduced in Miss Longfield's "Anglo-Irish Trade in the Sixteenth Century") and Norden in 1609-1611. The art improved more and more, and the plantations of Ireland, following fast from 1609, made exact knowledge of the devoted victim necessary. The Cromwellian government was in many aspects the first modern and scientific government that England has had. For an exact survey of Ireland, it could utilize the great advances made in that age in the cartographic art, and it found in William Petty one of the most exact and original scientists of his day. This art had come with the Renaissance and England was ahead in it. "Between 1574 and 1625 Saxton, Norden and Speed gave England a number of maps such as no other country could boast." Formerly estimates or "extents" of confiscated lands in Ireland had, as in England, been made by juries of inquisition before some royal official, but mere word-of-mouth statements left things very vague. Hence concealments, under-estimates, over-statements, etc., by which either grantees got more than they were entitled to or natives kept something that they might have lost. After Petty's Survey was achieved, the government for the first time could know exactly where every acre of confiscated land lay.

The famous Survey was carried out between 1655 and 1659. Petty's surveyors and map-makers went over all Ireland, objects of detestation to the cowering people. We are told that the land was so depopulated that forced employment of the Irish as "mearesmen" could not always secure them; in the barony of Eliogarty in Tipperary there remained no inhabitant of Irish race, so four with their families were allowed back from Connacht to aid the Commissioners. Petty's assistants provided him with the official returns, while Petty for his own purposes drew from them the elements of an atlas of Ireland, by baronies and by counties. His Map of Ireland, "*Delineatio Hiberniae*," published later, is extant in numerous copies. So accurate a work, says Dr. Goblet, was it that not till the Ordnance Survey of the Victorian Age was it suspended. But for the barony and townland maps which remained unpublished a curious and tragic fate was reserved.

Petty gave us the first atlas and the first modern geography of Ireland. He wrote his "*History of the Survey of Ireland*" in 1659. His other famous published book is the "*Political Anatomy of Ireland*," "a capital work, the first essay at a human geography of Ireland as the atlases are the first essay at her modern political map." As for his Irish experiences, he got £9,000 for the Survey and in all made £13,000 out of Ireland, in spite of losing some lands by decree of the Court of Innocents in 1663. He started iron works, fisheries, etc. in Kenmare, and from Mangerton could see 5,000 acres of his own beneath his feet. By a marriage with a daughter of the Lord Fitzmaurice of his time he is the ancestor of the modern Earls of Lansdowne and Petty-Fitzmaurice Earls of Kerry. On all these matters Dr. Goblet's two volumes are a mass of information, and his footnotes should be a joy to lovers of the recondite. Indeed the details given on Irish history in general are, perhaps, too varied and voluminous and therefore somewhat bewildering. Nor can we feel that in his third or small volume devoted to Irish place-names he writes as a master.

Dr. Goblet is an expert in the geographical sciences. Hence his long and technical description of what the Down Survey was and how it was made, though it fills us with admiration for his energy and exactitude, is such as only a fellow-expert in his craft could appreciate. It is the fruit of more than ten years labour and inquiry in which this French friend of Ireland has spared himself nothing in the way of toil and care. The Survey which is the subject of his work has had a tragic fate. Petty's maps and descriptions of Irish townlands were first of all partly destroyed by fire in Dublin Castle in 1711, and finally wiped out in the conflagration of the Four Courts in 1922. The barony maps, on the other hand, were captured by a French frigate when being removed to England in 1707, and in spite of a lot of diplomatic correspondence have remained ever since in the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. After two hundred years, in 1908, they were allowed to be reproduced, 214 of them in all, by the Ordnance Survey of Great Britain.

What can be reconstructed of Petty's townland maps is the theme of many pages by Dr. Goblet. He shows us that among the Lansdowne archives and in some Irish repositories, such as the Quit Rent Office, and certain private family collections, are extant a body of copies out of which, were funds and workers available, the townland maps of Ireland of Petty's time might in a certain measure be reconstituted and published. Only one reproduction, of the map of the

parish of Kiltennell, appears in Dr. Goblet's pages. His work as it stands is already voluminous enough and has been expensive to publish; to add to it reproductions of Petty's maps is more than one could expect from a single individual, for whose great work as it is we must stand debtors.

To conclude: out of this long and intricate work of Dr. Goblet's appear two memorable facts.

First though he himself has not been able to reproduce the surviving townland maps of which he tells us, he has indicated with unmistakeable detail exactly what and where the extant copies are, and we must hope that our native Government, or some Irish learned body, will see that after two centuries and a half Petty's townland maps may yet be reproduced and published.

Secondly there is the plea for the scientific study of Irish place-names.

Dr. Goblet devotes one of his three volumes to this. Part of his ten-year labour has been the indexing of the townland names found in Petty's Survey. In all Ireland has more than 60,000 townlands whose names are rich in history. Dr. Goblet has indexed more than half of these in the forms (less corrupt than to-day) in which they existed in 1650. We understand that our Government's Manuscript Commission has undertaken to publish this fine work of his. For that we are duly grateful, and if the Government would also finance the publication of the townland maps it would all form a rich addition to the topographical knowledge of our country, for the Ireland of 1650 was still largely the Ireland of 1500 as that was of 1200. We must blush a little that all this work has had to be done by a foreigner in a foreign tongue, in thanking him for a work which itself is of permanent importance and indicates the need for national aid to such scholarship.

E.C.

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PARNELL VINDICATED : The Lifting of the Veil. By Henry Harrison. Constable.

"I would rather appear to be dishonourable than be dishonourable," said Parnell, flinging down one of those hard pearly phrases that expressed his nature, before the mud-throwers in Committee Room XV. Reputation was to him no more than a glove on the hand of reality and he could toss the glove aside without a qualm, careless of whether history should rescue it or not. The tribunals of history, however, do not lack men to bear witness before them, for a chief, born with the power of inspiring his associates with the authentic spark of chivalric loyalty. Mr. Harrison, taking the above phrase of Parnell's as his text, has written this book to "lift the veil" from some facts, hitherto unpublished, bearing on the part played by Captain O'Shea in the tragic relationship of Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea. Ignorance of these facts, Mr. Harrison feels, has tended to render all the facts of the case obscure to many people, and so prevented Parnell's reputation, in the respect at issue, from emerging in its true light to show to all eyes the completeness of the profoundly honourable reality of which it should be the reflection.

The deplorable ambiguities, here exposed, of Mrs. O'Shea's pseudo-illuminations of the subject in her book must indeed be a sufficient justification for Mr. Harrison's book, even amongst those who take the extreme view of Mr. Barry O'Brien that the private life of a public character is best eschewed by his biographer. Mr. Harrison's has been conscientious in omitting no smallest shred of the personal and documentary evidence available to him, and has arranged the whole

with a judicial clarity that leaves nothing to the imagination of traducers. He has given a telling prominence to favourable evidence collected from sources likely to be intrinsically hostile to his case.

Apart from its documentary value the book is somewhat interesting for gleams of fresh light thrown on the principal figures.

Captain O'Shea does not emerge well from the cross-examination of these pages. He sits in this book for the very portrait of that regrettable type, sufficiently well-known in Ireland to have been locally named—the "job-hunter." Particularly revealing are the passages relating to his rather futile political double life as the hanger-on of Chamberlain, chronic candidate for the Under-Secretaryship, and as professed Nationalist, follower of Parnell. When writing on Parnell himself, as so often happens in such a case, Mr. Harrison partiality and personal sympathy is his strength. In his summing-up of Parnell's character we read little that is new to us, but the old tribute loses nothing from being offered afresh by one who has gathered it altogether from the insight given him by his own feeling. Passages such as the following tells us, if not something new, something real about Parnell :

To-day few people can realize the terrific storm of obloquy which Parnell had to face in his early campaign of Parliamentary obstruction : invective taunts, multitudinous clamour in the House, altercation, insult, shunning in the Lobby ; execration as for an outcast or a pariah in the Press. In mastering himself he taught himself how to be master of all. He fitted himself with an armour of impassivity which nothing could pierce. He schooled himself in a poise that no shock could over-balance. His judgement became as a floating compass, insulated from all influences that might divert its needle from the true. He was self-wrought to an extreme degree that testified to the rich quality of the raw material. He became like the diamond-faced drill that can bore its way through solid rock as if it were cheese. He became like a finely tempered sword, as smooth as silk, as supple as withies, as sharp to cut and to pierce as a scalpel, as unbreakable as adamant. He had his reward. Self conquest led to the conquest of others, and to the tempering of the enmity of his opponents by a feeling that had in it something of respect and something of awe.

M. S.

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OLD PASTURES. By Padraic Colum. Macmillan & Co. 6s. net.

THREE MEN. By Padraic Colum. Elkin Mathews & Marrot. 6s. net.

In his prefatory note Mr. Colum tells us that many of the poems here collected have their originals in other languages. He has always had a natural sympathy with "Wild Earth" whether it be Maori, or Irish, or Scottish-Gaelic, as in the beautiful "Man Bereaved." The native directness and simplicity of his mind, allied to an ear which is adept at spontaneous metrical music, make these adaptations from other tongues a pleasing and successful expression of their author's talent. "Branding the Foals" which derives from a Latin epigram, is as fine in its stark and fiery passion as anything he has done :

"Why do I look for fire to brand these foals?
What do I need, when all within is fire?
And lo, she comes, carrying the lighted coals
And branding-tool—she who is my desire!
What need have I for what is in her hands,
If I lay hand upon a hide it brands,
And grass, and trees, and shadows, all are fire!"

Of the poems not translated "A Mountaineer" is reminiscent of "The Plougher" in its primeval feeling of the eternal struggle between Man and Nature. "The Tin-Whistle Player" and "Dublin Roads" plainly show that Mr. Colum's long sojourn from his native heath has in no way blunted his genius for snaring in a song the atmosphere of the Irish country side.

"In Memory of John Butler Yeats" captures in verse one of those intuitive moments, in which the essence of a rare personality is revealed by a chance look or phrase, to those who possess poetic vision. It is as fair a flower in its fragrant and touching simplicity, as any that could be placed on the tomb of that remarkable man, and will live when many more elaborate and pompous memorials have faded.

"Three Men" is a realistic study written with quiet irony, of a small provincial town, in which we are given portraits of three small-town types: the local photographer, Howard Todd-Grubb, who is also the secretary of the Eblana Literary Society, a little hum-drum clerk Anthony Tisdil, who leaps to sudden notoriety as the unharmed victim of a railway accident, and the local literary worthy, one Loftus Mongan, a pompous windbag, who takes in his fellow citizens completely, with the exception of a sottish but intelligent newspaper editor.

The description of the meeting of the Eblana Literary Society gives one the sensation of being let loose in a drearier Lilliput. The drab boredom of atmosphere and of the accidentally twice-read paper on Citizenship in the Future State is excruciatingly realistic. The complete surrender of the weak and too impressionable Anthony Tisdil, to the overpowering but quite bogus personality of Loftus Mongan, creates a good climax, and the reply of the former when asked to join the "Illuminati" is not without penetrative humour—"If there's only you and Mr. Todd-Grubb, I wouldn't mind joining," said Anthony Tisdil. "Its fellows I'd be afraid of."

M. G.

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BULWER: A PANORAMA. EDWARD AND ROSINA. 1803-1836. By Michael Sadleir. (Constable and Co. 18s. net).

"One is tempted to wonder," says Mr. Sadleir, concluding his story of Edward and Rosina Bulwer, "why the tale of their sorrows and their struggles has not yet found a place among the classic calamities of human frailty." The same thought will occur to most readers of this pitiful tale, with its great and its sordid moments, its ceaseless conflict, and its final tragedy.

Mr. Sadleir comes to his task with a mind peculiarly well-equipped and treats his subject—which is much wider than the story of two conflicting lives—with a thoroughness and insight born of a unique knowledge of the highways and byways of English life and letters in the early nineteenth century. For without the background which we glimpse here in a lively panorama there would be no understanding the personal story.

Even to-day Bulwer—though chiefly remembered as the author of two or three novels—is far from being a negligible figure in English literature. But it is not easy at this distance of time to realise what a power he was in his own early days. Fame came to him quickly, but it was not of the enduring sort. Character and genius were forever in conflict, always to the detriment of the latter, and from the beginning there was a tragic maladjustment to life. Heredity

played its malign part and Ireland, as so often before, took a hand in shaping the evil destinies of a career rich in promise. How far the personal story would have been different had this morbidly sensitive English aristocrat not met the wild-tempered daughter of an Irish squireen can only be the subject of a melancholy surmise; but it is at least certain that literature would be somewhat richer if the best-seller of the eighteen forties did not so constantly suffer mental exhaustion from parrying the onslaughts of that savage Corkman, "Doctor" Maginn.

Under Mr. Sadleir's guidance the panorama moves swiftly and with a sense of inevitability to its gloomy end. There are bright and glittering moments, but the sense of impending tragedy is never absent, and nothing in the narrative is more interesting or more apposite to our own day than the description of how the changing social values of a post-war era helped to bring calamity to a career which at one period appeared to have all the elements of greatness.

This is a book to be read not only by those who are interested in Bulwer the man or Bulwer the writer, but also by those who would understand the social and literary life of the first four decades of the nineteenth century. A second volume is in preparation; it will be eagerly awaited. M. J. MacM.

* * * *

DARK MOUNTAIN AND OTHER STORIES. By David Hogan. (The Talbot Press. 5s. net.).

Dark Mountain and its predecessor, *The Challenge of the Sentry*, are Ireland's war books. In them "David Hogan" (for so he would have us call him), has given us some of the most noteworthy short stories that have come out of Ireland in our time. One of them, indeed, the title-story in the present volume, is so powerful in its telling, so rich in atmosphere, and marches so steadily to its thrilling climax, that it is worthy of inclusion in any future collection of great short stories of the world.

The scene throughout is Ireland of the Black-and-Tan period. We are brought across the bogs and the mountains in the footsteps of the men who fought; we sit with them as they talk and smoke around the turf-lit cottage hearths; we accompany them to the dock and the prison cell. Realism and sincerity and a deep religious feeling shine out from Mr. Hogan's pages, and added to this is an all-embracing pity, pity broad enough to find room not only for the men who endured and fought and died, but also for the men of another race and creed who came to bring tragedy to the quiet Irish countryside. Although the book is an anthology of bitter experience, unified by a consistent quality of enthusiasm for a great cause, there is never a breath of propaganda nor a note of bitterness. The author is too much of an artist ever to forget that his first purpose is that of telling a story or to clothe romance with a too poetic dress.

One other thing, apart altogether from its merit as literature, this book is a perfect justification of Ireland's war for independence. Some day, when the lapse of years permits of a true historical perspective, the actual narrative of the Black-and-Tan war will be told. It will then settle down and take its place in Irish history with Easter Week and the Fenian risings and Ninety-Eight, and there will be names and dates for schoolboys to read and memorise. But those who wish to understand its inward significance, to discover what spiritual force

was the driving power that sent the men to the hillsides and mountain valleys, and to learn what manner of men were they who fought in what may well be the last of Ireland's wars, will turn, not to the text-books of the professors of history, but to the stories of David Hogan.

M. J. MacM.

* * * *

IAIN ÁLUINN: ath-insint Gaedhilge a rinn Seán Tóibín ar 'John Splendid' a scriobh Neil Munro. 2s.

Though he wrote in English, the late Neil Munro has such a feel for the traditions of his native Highlands that he came nearer to interpreting the Scottish Gael of two and three centuries ago than any one who has written of them. Scott's Highland heroes tend to be too sombre, heroic and Ossianic. Munro's are human, and the light and trivial as well as the gallant and romantic side of them are equally portrayed by him. He gets the atmosphere and hence our Seán Tóibín, who had a long friendship with him and has already translated one or two of his stories, thinks them eminently befitted to pass into the medium of Irish Gaelic. Although "The Lost Pibroch" remains in our memory as his greatest achievement, "John Splendid" is perhaps his best long romance. Centred as it is around the war of Covenanter and Cavalier in Scotland in 1644, its actors move about on a background of Highland glens and mountains, with kilted and claymored men, prophetic old women, second-seers, bards, pipers and all, and the historic spot-light falling upon Archibald Campbell, Marquis of Argyll, and the famous Alastar MacColla Kittagh. It all goes into Irish like a hand into its proper glove, and Seán Tóibín may be well congratulated on a fine translation, so successful as hardly to seem a translation at all. Here is great and heroic reading for our boys and girls who have learned Irish and mean to stick to it. Once again we are made to feel what a magnificent *natural* language Irish is (or was) and how feelingly it conveys its own magic, that of fields, hills, woods, the sea, and all the fresh instincts of the heart. Of this rich and affectionate speech Seán Tóibín is a perfect, born, and unhappily by now, a rare master. He is not old, but there cannot be many thousands left now who have inherited so complete a cradle-knowledge of Irish speech. Born of a Waterford father and a Clare mother the richest spoils of Munster Irish, itself the most literary of Irish dialects, came to him without effort or pedantry. As a writer he has both vigour and taste, and succeeds in carrying the swing and cadence of his native idiom from end to end of the book. Particularly to be praised is his rendering of native scenes, as for example in Munro's description of the autumn wealth of corn, grass, fruit, milk that preceded the war and the winter of 1644; of the terrible frost that followed, or of the feel of the solitudes of Rannoch to hunted men; or of the tart, ugly, distorted man of poetic genius, Ian Lom, the bard of the MacDonnells, drawn as it is in fine emphatic strokes.

How far the rich and flexible native Irish speech that was so commonly spoken by millions who knew no other a hundred years ago is still alive among the so-called 'Irish speakers' is a question. At least we are fortunate in having a few lucky survivors from that old world who can put down for us in readable prose the rich language they heard in the cradle and by the turf-fire.

This volume is published by that wing of our government which publishes Irish matter cheaply for the use of the multitude (it is commonly called 'An Gúm,' we believe), and certainly this closely-packed book is a miracle of cheapness. It is in Roman type; this we regret, but to many others it is a sign of marching with the times.

E.C.

* * * *

EDWARD JAMES MARTIN, D.D. *Twenty-one Medieval Latin Poems.* The Scholartis Press, London. 1931. Pp. viii + 126.

It is not easy to understand why another and smaller anthology should be added to those already existing. Miss Waddell's book (despite a few very glaring mistranslations) is adequate: Mr. Gaselee's *Oxford Book of Mediaeval Latin Verse*, which does not give translations, is more than adequate. Dr. Martin gives very little that is new, except a few translations, and incongruously enough, Baudelaire's absurd *Ad Franciscæ Meæ Laudes* with its rimes and rhythm dependent on the ridiculous French pronunciation of Latin, even more ridiculous than the English! This sort of thing:—

Novis te cantabo chordis
O novelletum quod ludis
in solitudine cordis

It is time that the nomenclature of mediaeval Latin verse was revised. It is inaccurate to call the metre of e. g. Abaelard's *O quanta qualia* or of the anonymous *Cur mundus militat* "dactylic tetrameters accentual." It is true that the metre appears to be the accentual *derivative* of the quantitative dactylic tetrameter. But that does not mean the same thing. To confuse the two is to postulate an unsound theory of the development of quantitative into accentual metres. The mediaeval Latin writers did not simply substitute accented syllables for long syllables under the ictus: what they did was to read quantitative verse without reference to the quantity; an accentual rhythm, always present, alone remained. This rhythm they imitated. In the so-called "dactylic tetrameter accentual" the accent does not fall consistently on the strong places of a scheme

s ww s ww s ww s ww

The first foot shows frequent divergence: other feet less frequent, but still noticeable divergence. The only absolutely fixed accent is that on the strong place of the fourth foot.

To take an example.¹

Credendum magis est duris fallacibus
quam mundi miseris prosperitatibus

The syllables in italics are evidently stressed, though in weak places: the first syllable of the line is in neither case stressed. The lines:

que semper subtrahunt aeternæ præmia,
et ducunt hominem ad rura devia

illustrate divergence in the first and third feet.

A number of lines certainly correspond to a dactylic accentual scheme, but these are very few. Half-lines completely congruent are more common.

Nostrum est interim mentem erigere

is congruent throughout.

¹It would be absurd to pronounce *nec ineffabiles cessabunt jubili.*

With the reading of proparoxytons prevalent in France in the Middle Ages, such lines, however, would be accented.

nostrum est interim mentem erigere

i.e., with six stresses.

There is always a caesura in the middle of the line, usually the French secondary accent of a proparoxyton preceding it. The so-called dactylic tetrameter accentual may be, thus, one of the origins of the alexandrine, or, since it appears late, possibly an imitation of the alexandrine, and not a derivative of the quantitative metre.¹

Neale's rendering of Abaelard's hymn and Dr. Martin's rendering of *Cur Mundus militat* fail by neglect of the caesura, and by reducing the number of syllables in the line from twelve to ten, *i.e.*, omitting the unaccented syllables of the final foot. Thus Dr. Martin translates :

vel Samson ubi est dux invincibilis

by

Where now is Samson's invincible arm.

I do not share Dr. Martin's admiration for Neale's renderings. Neale's translation of Abaelard's great hymn, one of the greatest poems of all time, is utterly inadequate, often inaccurate, and at best a mere paraphrase.

The book, like all those issued by the Scholartis Press is beautifully printed.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

* * * *

THE UNIVERSE IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN PHYSICS. Max Planck. Translated by W. H. Johnston, B.A., George Allen & Unwin Ltd. pp. 110. 4s. 6d. net.

To the eminent author of this little book, even more than to Einstein, must be laid the responsibility for the present interesting state of upheaval that may now be said to beset theoretical Physics. The remarkable efforts of mathematicians in the last few years to bring the Quantum Theory into line with classical physical theory applicable to the macroscopic world, have resulted in the necessity of calling for a careful reconsideration of the metaphysical assumptions at the very base of Physical Science. The problem has indeed become epistemological.

The Heisenberg Principle of Indeterminacy, involved in both the newer wave and matrix mechanics is the disturbing element. Must Science come to sacrificing the principle of strict causality, or at least to denying any determination in small scale events, other than that of a statistical kind? As no less an authority than Eddington seems inclined to this view—one, needless to say eagerly seized upon by those with a mystical or theological bias, Prof. Planck's views on this point and on other fundamental questions are very welcome.

¹ Meyer considers the lines of the *Plancus super filia Jeptae*

His gestis rediit ad patrem unica
secreti thalami subintrans abdita

to be alexandrines, derived from the asclepiad. The so-called dactylic tetrameter accentual does not differ from these as far as I can see.

These are set out with admirable clearness in the book here reviewed, which in fact, consists of two short separate papers which Mr. Johnston has translated and run into one, entitled respectively "Das Weltbild der Neuen Physik" and "Physikalische Gesetzmäßigkeit am hichte Neuerer Forschung."

It is interesting to note that Prof. Planck adheres to the belief that the progress of Science is bound up with the assumption of not merely the existence of law in general, but also of the strictly causal character of that law. He further believes, though admittedly without logical justification either for or against it, that as the World-view in the light of physical Theory becomes more and more abstract, more completely freed of all anthropomorphic elements, it approaches more closely the real world underlying sense perceptions. The approach to this goal, whilst theoretically unobtainable constitutes nevertheless a valuable source of inspiration to further progress and scientific endeavour.

* * * *

FLAMENCA, translated from the Thirteenth Century Provençal by H. F. M. Prescott. London: Constable & Co., Ltd. 1930. Pp. viii + 159. 10s. 6d. net.

Flamenca, the chief glory of Provençal narrative verse, was well worth translating, both for its intrinsic interest as a story, and for the light it casts on the manners of the time. The translation reads extremely well. But it is irritating to find such things as "He was vii feet tall," "Five bishops and X abbots were at the church," "If a man asks you C sous, give him X marks." The introduction is inadequate. "The King at Paris might be a Saint and a Crusader, but in Provence they followed the troubadour fashion of love . . . And yet Saint Louis, etc." (p. vii) is ludicrously wrong. It should be made clear that Bourbon l'Archambault is not in Provence, and never was in the territory of the Langue d'OC, that while the poem was probably written about 1234, the story is set back to the early part of the reign of Louis VII before his divorce of Eleonore of Aquitaine. Alphonse Jourdain of Toulouse is referred to as a contemporary. Marcabrun's songs were sung apparently as those of the leading troubadour of the time. Everything points to a date round about 1140. Archambault, husband of Flamenca, must be Archambault V, the last male of the first dynasty of Bourbon. It would be interesting to discover why the unknown author casts his tale in Bourbon l'Archambault outside the Provençal territory. The book is beautifully printed and worthy of the publisher.

R. B.

* * * *

THE GARDENER'S YEAR. By Carl Capek. Illus. by Josef Capek. (London: Allen & Unwin. 3s. 6d. net).

Readers who have never gardened, as well as those who love the gentle work or who have given it up, will be charmed by this volume. Mingled with philosophy, it is as thickly studded with humour as any fairy-trodden field or lawn is with daisies.

Not many years ago these clever brothers carried us to the verge of human extinction on a Robot-driven world, in that remarkable play R.U.R., which was

produced and played in the Peacock Theatre, Dublin, by Hilton Edwards and his Gate Theatre Company. Here, under the sunshine of a broad smile, we are initiated into a philosophic consideration of Man as a gardener—you and I as we may appear to the people over the garden wall. Just the needful grace of humorous exaggeration of the tribulation of the bungler, of man chancing his arm among the myriad laws of nature with his mental eyes shut, and the natural companion of clumsiness and catastrophe.

We see how he heedlessly "prepares" a patch of earth, unaware of the hundreds of seeds already deposited by last year's weeds. He sows it with the finest lawn mixture, waters it faithfully, and in a fortnight is rewarded with a splendid carpet of vigorous weeds—and he blames the firm who sold him the packet of seeds. Not so the humorous author. He turns a merry cheek to the world and says: '*This is one of Nature's mysteries, how from the best grass seed, most luxuriant and hairy weeds come up; perhaps weed seed ought to be sown, and then a nice lawn would result.*' What the winsome Karel has not noted in the gardener ratepayer is negligible. But he is a true Nature-lover, and understands and delights in her ways. He tells us, in a delightful chapter on 'Buds' that, for three days he once watched the biggest buds on his Forsythia, so as not to miss the historic moment when the first one should open, and it was at 10 o'clock on March 30th that it happened. '*You must wait, you must stand still, and then you will see open lips and furtive glances, tender fingers and raised arms, the fragility of a baby and the rebellious outburst of the will to live, and then you will hear the infinite march of buds faintly roaring.*' And then he is off with his other pen, chuckling over the fact that you may clean your garden of stones half a dozen times in the year, and always find a fresh crop at your hand, which he explains by '*apparently stones grow from some kind of seed or eggs.*' In his heart, I expect he yearns for a Robot with adaptable feet, at least three arms, and with telescopic fingers and perhaps root-extractors fitted. With the humour is so much Nature philosophy that you realise the earnestness at the heart of the jest. The publishers give a short list of their 'Serious Books on Gardening,' but, actually there is quite a lot of useful information for all gardeners in this little volume. The illustrations by Josef Capek are inimitable and very entertaining. A.K.

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COOKING THROUGH THE CENTURIES. By J. R. Ainsworth-Davis. Dent & Sons. 6s. net.

If this book were to fall into the hands of someone who had never before read a word of English history, he would obtain from it a far clearer and more vivid idea of the evolution of the English race, than from all those dreary, fact-ridden text-books from which the average unspecialised person's idea of history is derived. Take for example the Roman invasion. Instead of learning that Caesar landed in 55 B.C., etc., we get the romantic and exciting panorama of the first cookery worthy the name taking place in Britain. To a people who lived mainly on bread and meat and these prepared if at all in the most rough-and-ready picnic fashion

the Romans brought kitchen equipment, cheese and honey, peacocks and pheasants, river and sea fish and quantities of vegetables and fruits. What an important turning point in the Conquest was reached, when the first Roman military gourmets sampled Colchester oysters! Their hearts must have quite softened towards their captives. "The poor Britons—there is some good in them after all—they produce an oyster" remarked Sallust the historian.

With the fall of the Empire and the succeeding barbarian invasions Britain relapsed into culinary savagery once more, and the only oases in the mediaeval desert of salt-meat, are the experiments made in brewing and distillation by the monasteries. As the author truly says, "the monks not only kept the lamp of learning alight, but also never allowed the kitchen fire to go out."

From a culinary rather than an historical view-point the most interesting section of the book is that on the Restoration and the Eighteenth century. Famous cookery books like Gervase Markham's began to appear about 1631. Meals became incredibly elaborate, and drink excessive. "Here we are drinkin' and drivin' in the old way" declares the first of the Stuart monarchs. Such indigestible delights as Sack Possets, Syllabubs, and Flummery became all the rage. But although forks made their first appearance under the Stuarts, table manners were still at a discount and even Ladies were enjoined to "Talk not when you have meat in your mouth, and do not smack like a pig." How devastating to think of Julia, Aglaura or Anthea in such a connection!

The immortal Pepys throws much light on the food and drink of this period, as did Boswell's Life of Johnson on the following one. The quantity and variety of dishes embraced by seventeenth century meals seem rather overpowering to a squeamish modern palate. This for example is Pepys' idea of a quiet little dinner at home—

"4th April 1662—very merry at, before, and after dinner, and the more for that my dinner was great, and most neatly dressed by our one only mayde. We had a fricasee of rabbits and chickens, a leg of mutton boiled, three carps on a dish, a great dish of a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a lamprey pie, a most rare pie, a dish of anchoves, good wine of several sorts and all things mighty noble, and to my great content."

Tea was introduced early in the seventeenth century and coffee also. The Eighteenth century teems with interest for not only did table glass and silver become exquisite in workmanship, but Rum and Gin, and that aristocrat among biscuits, the inimitable Bath Oliver, so called after Dr. William Oliver, made their appearance. Port supplanted claret to the chagrin of many, both then and now. Dr. Johnson drank Bishop:

"Fine oranges
Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup
They'll make a sweet Bishop when gentle folks sup."

He also had a passion for tea and a most gratifying picture of his tea-pot embellishes the text.

It would be possible to quote indefinitely from this engrossing work ; it teems with odd and varied information and the author's gay vitality of mind renders his scholarship and wide humanism wholly delightful. There are many illustrations from contemporary sources.

M. G.

* * * *

SON OF WOMAN. The story of D. H. Lawrence. By John Middleton Murry. (London : Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.)

There is something unsatisfactory in Mr. Murry's attitude to Lawrence in this study. The preface is irritating. He tells us it is necessary for him to use language " which appears to be the language of judgment and condemnation." But he says, " Lawrence belongs to the order of men who cannot be judged, but only loved." And before the short Preface is finished he shows us what he means by this paradox. " This is the story of one of the greatest lovers the world has known : of a hero of love, of a man whose capacity for love was so great that he was afraid of it And slowly and inevitably the love turned into hate." This is his thesis throughout, love turned into hate, and this verdict, he alleges, is not a pronouncement of " judgment " but of " love." The language that he finds it necessary to use only " appears to be the language of judgment and condemnation." But it is quite beyond the power of any mind to preserve intact this over subtle distinction. And it is this elusiveness that makes the reading of this book so unsatisfactory.

The tracing of the supposed terrible spiritual devastation in Lawrence is done with a fanatical industry, that dominates the book, and so oppresses the reader that the many passages of appreciation of other aspects of Lawrence's work carry but little weight. One feels over and over again aghast at the seeming vindictiveness of the denunciation, and convinced that the explanation lies largely in the fact that Lawrence and Mr. Murry are fundamentally opposed in thought.

There is a hint of this in the illustration facing page 206. It is a facsimile reproduction of a seal Lawrence gave Mr. Murry as a gift at Xmas, 1923. It depicts a raven-like bird rising like a phoenix from the flames. And the inscription is :

" Will the bird perish,
Shall the bird rise !

To the old raven, in the act of becoming a young phoenix. D.H.L."

As much as to say, listen to the old raven Murry croaking about an impossible transmigration. Surely this book is written largely in the spirit of the croaking raven, and entirely justifies the insight of Lawrence's casual joking remark in 1923, as indicating a permanent characteristic of Mr. Murry's intellectual outlook.

There is no doubt that Lawrence had undeveloped faculties of occult magic that Mr. Murry is constitutionally incapable of appraising. He died comparatively early and no one can hazard a guess as to his development. But this quality

marks him out as a unique figure in contemporary English fiction. It is absurd to write, as Mr. Murry does, that he betrayed himself, and played false to humanity. He expressed his brilliant intellect and insight in an astonishing series of books, and no unbiased mind can read them without feeling exhilarated and fascinated.

* * * *

MANDOLINATA. By Faith Compton Mackenzie. (Cope & Fenwick. 21s.)

Here at last is a limited edition which is intrinsically worth the money asked for it. Too often such editions rely altogether upon the author's value to collectors, and make little attempt to offer a paper and a binding suitable to their price. This book is most beautifully printed on fine paper, with large margins, and gracefully bound : a joy to handle and read. The edition is limited to 330 signed copies. A guinea is a lot to pay, but here is a book that is worth it to the eye and hand alone.

It is a collection of short stories, and my only quarrel with the publishers is that there is not a general edition also : for the chief charm of Mrs. Mackenzie's work is its readability. These stories would, I am sure, please a wide audience, if they could reach it. Mrs. Mackenzie uses a looser form than is conventional, but she justifies it. Her stories are not of equal value, and the best of them show up the weaker : but even the weakest has character and is amusing to read. The best are those in which her easy, almost conversational form exactly matches the story's impulse. *Mandolinata* itself, for instance, is written throughout in her particular manner, but its form corresponds, to a sentence, with the momentum of irony and understanding which carry it along. In others, the energy is not always perfectly calculated. Mrs. Mackenzie either jumps harder than she need, or not hard enough. But this is a small matter. The important thing is that she has something individual to say, and a personal way of saying it.

"On each side of the valley the mountains grimly pierced the blazing sky, and between these austere battlements there was a vista of sea in the distance, softly and meltingly blue, and Vesuvius wearing its white plume, always with an air, and always at a different angle."

Later, in the same story :—

"Spiaggia gossip ! It was stupendous—on the grand scale. A tower of Babel, Gothic in tendency, but richly decorated with rococo improvisations of Latin origin."

One sentence more :—

"A soft step outside sometimes, a sense of protection from evil bodily and spiritual, and outside far, far away in the Campagna, a thousand ghostly dogs barked like echoes of themselves ; a muted symphony of dogs on the shores of Lethe."

The stories in *Mandolinata* are unlike those by any other hand. When her technical skill is equal to what she has to say, Mrs. Mackenzie will add a new note to the short story literature of her time. These stories are all attractive, all most readable, and three of them at least are excellent.

L.A.G.S.

THE WORKS OF OSCAR WILDE. (Collins, London. 10s. 6d. nett.)

This volume of 1,248 pages of thin paper is admirably printed and turned out, and is easy to hold when reading. It is wonderful value, and contains the four celebrated plays, thirteen short stories, the novel "The Portrait of Dorian Gray," collected poems, and the series of Essays entitled "Intentions." It is a comprehensive edition of Wilde's work in convenient form, and is illustrated with fifteen original drawings by Donia Nachshen.

* * * *

THE ONLY PENITENT. By T. F. Powys. (The Dolphin Books, London : Chatto & Windus. Price, 2s. net.).

The Dolphin Books are devoted to modern writers, and it is only appropriate they should contain an example of the original art of Mr. T. F. Powys. Mr. Powys' story is characteristic of his mingling of realism and fantasy. In the development of his theme Mr. Powys is entertaining and interesting. But he does not quite provide the shock that the culmination of his audacious conception should have conveyed. He is dealing with the same idea that Fitzgerald expresses in the well known lines from Omar ending :—"and man's forgiveness give and take." The major part of the story moves with fascinating ease, but the ending is inconclusive.

* * * *

AN ADVENTURE. [By Anne Moberly and Eleanor Jourdain]. Preface by Edit h Olivier. London : Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d, net,

This little book first appeared in 1911, before the reading public had been sated with sensational fare, and its slight title coupled with anonymity proved no bar to a popularity which has resulted in the issue of a fourth edition. In its present form it is one of the most completely authenticated accounts yet published of psychic experience.

Two ladies on a visit to Paris, while walking in the grounds of the Trianon at Versailles, found themselves amidst the surroundings of events in 1789, meeting, unaccountably, figures of some of the personalities of that period, even to the extent of being addressed by them. Although somewhat puzzled by their experience, it was not until after they had returned to England, and compared notes by letter, that they decided to make investigations into their adventure, and they both wrote detailed accounts of the visit.

Miss Olivier, in a very informing Preface, sketches the means taken by them to sift and confirm the possible identity of the characters and scenes met with. They were able to consult the actual private account-books kept by the little household—in one case, two men they saw with a horse and cart clearing the ground of broken wood and leaves, were recorded as having been casually employed for that purpose. They were fortunate, also, in seeing the original plan of the

grounds made by Mique, Queen Marie Antoinette's landscape gardener. They had been thwarted by the incorrectness of La Motte's copy, and the discovery of Mique's original in 1903, verified the former existence of a grove of trees, among which they met with one of their vivid experiences. During a later visit the ladies had realized that some of the places seen and walked in, no longer existed.

All the material accumulated during their investigation are now stored in the Bodleian library and form a complete identification of the characters seen on their visits.

A few suggestions as to the way in which their experience can be explained, are given in a note contributed from the scientific point of view by Mr. J. W. Dunne—"as to whether the story, if true, is in anyway contrary to modern commonsense." I must confess that his suggestions leave me bewildered. He says that—

According to Serialism, the scenes in question could only be observed *via* the eyes and brain of some person present in the garden, at the period in question. For either lady to see them, her attention would need to have travelled back beyond the limits of her own life, and have jumped to somebody else's brain.

In dealing with a scientific statement, it is necessary to insist on primal values in the expressions used. One cannot lightly use the words "eyes" and "brains," when sight and mind are referred to. The eyes are physical organs, through which the person seeing exercises the sense of sight. Again, we read that the Universal Mind—the aggregate of all minds—is limited to 'Viewing the past through the eyes of some person present there.' Scientifically this is impossible, and no explanation on such physical lines can clear up happenings on a non-physical plane. It is to fit a pair of spectacles with ground-glass and expect clear vision.

Mediaeval philosophers taught that the thoughts and actions of every man are recorded in a medium called by them the Astral Light. This is, they said, an imponderable, tenuous medium, interpenetrating the entire globe, the great picture gallery of the earth, where the seer can always gaze upon any event that has ever happened, and that sounds can be heard on it. I gather that Mr. Dunne considers this 'jumping to somebody else's brain, beyond the limits of one's own life' as a form of telepathy—but the brain is no longer in existence, obviously. If it be admitted that thought can travel, without the medium of speech, from one place to another, there must be a medium which enables it to do so. According to the theory I have quoted, this medium is the 'Astral light,' and the explanation would be that these ladies were present, under favourable conditions, at the place where the events happened, and, so witnessed some of the scenes in this 'record.'

The one scientific body that could have offered this explanation, the Society for Psychical Research, appears to have been singularly inactive, according to Miss Olivier. Without examining the collection of testimony offered them, they reported that the account could not be accepted as of any real evidential value. Their finding was afterwards repudiated by Professor Barrett and Sir Oliver Lodge. When the Western modern mind shall have freed itself from the delusion that the physical must be considered *the real*, scientists will find ample field for the investigation of matter, in ever-thinning degrees of tenuity, and the veracity of such well-attested experiences as these will be more easily accepted. Nature will be found to be quite naturally active on natural planes other than the physical.

The illustrations and maps from contemporary sources, make this volume doubly interesting, while the generous margins, clear type and excellent paper are of the thoroughly satisfying character one always associates with the publishers, Messrs. Faber & Faber.

A. K.

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THE SISTERS OF PRAGUE. By Joseph Gregor. (Translated from the German by Albert Beaumont and Eric Sutton). Martin Lecker. 7s. 6d.

Joseph Gregor has a musician's power for the evocation of the great psychic forces that sleep beneath the surface of the material world. He gives us an acute sense of the half-divinity of man. He forces us to look, as it were, over an abyss set between the two securities of faith and materialism. We glimpse therein midst shapes of despair poignantly irradiated with a keen sunlight of beauty. Our dazzled vertigo is his tribute. He makes us perceive our peril and holds out no hand to save. He envisages man surrounded by the demons of cruelty and forced into their power, by nature and circumstances, by his pursuit of power and glory, worst of all, by his very pursuit of the ideal. He shows us a world beset by powers of evil as strange and subtle as the apparitions that counterfeited angelic messengers to tempted hermits. Man destroys love to lift himself to god head. Man pursues the divine and because he may never possess it, his frustrated passion becomes destructive lust.

In the last two stories a heightened subjectivity of madness is used as a search-light to bring into fierce relief the author's emotive perception of the nature of man.

The first story restrained with architectural austerity within the coldest outlines of objectivity is perhaps the best example of the author's peculiar powers. In this short story, lightly enough sketched of the three sisters of Prague, he illuminates for us in masterly strokes, the whole downfall of the old rule in Austria. The three beautiful sisters flower for us in the green-shuttered, "musty twilight" of "the dreamy little castle beset by the strict conservative atmosphere of the aristocratic provincial city . . . which in our day esteems itself a capital," and "admits more than any other city in the world a feeling of absolute isolation as though one were not living in a place with direct communications to Paris and Rome but on a mountain peak." The rain comes, the snow, the birds, the new leaf—sometimes an old house is pulled down—the vacant days pass, there are no letters, no visitors. Above them in the gloom glimmer the gilt ceilings and white stucco festoons, around them are tall mirrors, gold consoles, marble tables with richly moulded gilt feet and the rest of the yellowing splendour a vanishing régime.

In this silent old house we watch them grow up frail and strange with the bright phosphorescent frailty of hothouse flowers. Cut off more and more by succeeding circumstances from the sun and air of life, we see them shivering more and more timorously into their hothouse. We see their flower-natures nourished on this dark and barren soil, beginning to burn with a thin and feverish light. Darker and darker grown the shadows of isolation. Their roots are almost

severed from reality. They are at the mercy of the fiery vapours that float in their glass prison to attack unrooted plants. A trifle sets alight the fatal flame. The febrile flowers blaze up in a final terrible phosphorescence,—that shows the fairest to have grown to “a carnivorous orchid” a flower of sterile cruelty—and fall in a shower of pitiable petals. We see the mob with unmeaning grimaces trample the last sparks of coloured splendour in the dust—not before the dying flickers of the last frail radiance has shown us, rising gigantically about the little focus of light, the great towers of the ancient régime tottering to their fall. “Dark palaces laden with despair, green-glittering joyous domes.”

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THAT BASILISK. By L. Smith-Gordon. (Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., London. 7s. 6d. net).

A quotation from Gay is on the title-page:—

Man may escape from Rope and Gun;
Nay, some have outlived the Doctor's Pill;
Who takes a Woman must be undone,
That Basilisk is sure to kill.”

This suggests an ironic intention in the author's idea, that the novel does not quite disclose. The principal character is Harold O'Kelly, an Irish lad of the cultural classes, aged eighteen. And the story is the awakening of his sex interest. First in Dublin, amongst uncultured Sinn Feiners during Black and Tan days, then in theatrical circles of a fast set in London, and finally in Ireland, where the boy meets his death in an ambush. The author gives most attention in detail to the middle section in London. The writing is graphic and fluent. There is facility in depicting scenes which makes the book easy reading, and it is full of a vitality that indicates an important asset in reserve for future work. But the characterization is indefinite. Madeleine and Tracey-Smith, for instance, both speak in much the same way. And none of his people ever seem really alive. They are carefully drawn but lack spontaneity.

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THE FIVE-YEAR PLAN OF THE SOVIET UNION. A Political Interpretation. By G. T. Grinko. London: Martin Lawrence, Ltd. 5s. net.

A Publisher's Note tells us that this is a translation from a Russian manuscript. The translator's name is not given. Judging from the spelling it is done by an American. The book bears the name of an English publisher, but on the back of the title page it is stated that it is “Printed in the U.S.A.” The translation is well done, for, though dealing with economic problems, usually dry matter, it is easy to read. The infectious optimism and enthusiasm of the original

writer is everywhere evident. This is an inside view of the Soviet, intended for world publicity. The high ideals of the Five-Year movement are stressed, and its success, up to date, emphasized. And perhaps, sometimes, intentions are credited with a realization that is just a little premature. But it is invaluable as an indication of what The Five-Year plan means to one of its originators. The author is Vice-Chairman of the State Planning Commission, and took a leading part in preparing the Plan. To sum up, the book shows how Russia, in the words of Stalin, quoted on the fly-leaf, is becoming "a land of metals, of automobiles and tractors."

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THE CRITERION. A Quarterly Review. Edited by T. S. Eliot. July 1931.
London: Faber & Faber, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. C. M. Grieve, better known as "Hugh MacDiarmid," writes confusingly about "English Ascendancy in British Literature." This is not surprising, for it is an impossible subject to expound. He refers appreciatively to the modern literary movement in Ireland. He thinks the Irish have expressed themselves racially in what he calls "British literature," and he desires that the Scotch and Welsh should do likewise. He overlooks the fact that no Irish writer, of any class, would tolerate the term "British." And it does seem absurd that a Scotch, Welsh or Irish author, of national quality, should be styled "British,"—a word that may be something in manufactures, but means nothing where literature is concerned.

The other articles exhibit a uniform level of even excellence. They are full of the competence of cultural cleverness. The Editorial Commentary is inclined to be impressionistic. Those interested will read the Editor's review of Mr. Middleton Murry's book, entitled "Son of Woman," about D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Eliot rightly describes Mr. Murry's work as "destructive criticism." To support him he finds the only nasty word Mr. Murry did not use. Mr. Murry summed up Lawrence as "traitor." Mr. Eliot adds "ignorant." It is curious, and perhaps significant, to find these two old literary antagonists comparatively in agreement about Lawrence.